The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME IV. NEW-YORK, AUGUST 31, 1833. NUMBER 61.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
At 205 *Broadway,*
BY PRESCOTT, SWINBORNE & Co.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable *in advance*. Four Dollars when sent out of the United States. No subscriptions received for less than six months, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods and on payment of dues. Money may be remitted at the risk of the Publishers, if mailed in the presence of the Postmaster, and the description of bills, date of forwarding, &c. entered on his memorandum book.

Letters, unless *post paid* or enclosing a remittance from which the postage may be paid, will not be taken from the Post Office.

PROSPECTUS

Of the fifth volume of the New-York Constellation:
MUCH ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, Editor.

The publishers respectfully announce to the public that, having secured the editorial services of Mr. William T. Porter, the projector and Editor of the 'Spirit of the Times,' and more recently Editor of 'The New-Yorker,' they will issue, on the 14th of September next, the first number of the Fifth Volume of the Constellation, on an enlarged sheet, and in a new and more beautiful dress. Having procured fonts of the most tasteful and elegant type, and superior paper of extra-imperial size, on which to execute the work, they trust the programme of their paper herewith submitted will elicit the same cordial approbation as has heretofore inspirited their endeavors to minister to the gratification of their friends and the public.

THE NEW-YORK CONSTELLATION—VOL. V.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
At No. 205 *Broadway, New-York.*

Programme.—The Constellation will be devoted to Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, News of the Day, Fashionable and Sporting Intelligence, the Drama, Public Amusements, and the Fun, Frolic and Fashion of Old Gotham—in a word, all the Odds and Ends, Whims and Conceits, 'itemized' and condensed, which conspire to render a paper truly agreeable and worthy of universal patronage.

Literary Department.—The Constellation will contain a general synopsis of the Literary Intelligence of the day; Reviews of all works of general interest, (with extracts from the most inviting); Tales, Essays, Poetry, &c. &c. original and selected, with a general selection from the English Magazines and other works of talent, thus forming a complete Spirit of the Foreign Periodicals. As an evidence of their advantages for this undertaking, the Publishers would remark that they are now in the receipt by the earliest packets of the following sterling Periodicals:—Blackwood's Magazine, The Metropolitan, The New Monthly, Fraser's, The Gentlemen's, The Ladies', The Edinburgh, and the Mechanics'; also the United Service Journal, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, the Athenæum, Spectator, Literary Gazette, &c. &c.

Sporting Department.—Under appropriate devices, the reader will find entertaining details and anecdotes of the Sports of the Turf, the Chase, and the Forest, while Angling, Sailing, and other exhilarating amusements will not be forgotten. In fine, nothing shall be omitted that could impart raciness to this department, or prove instructive and entertaining to the liberal and high-minded Sportsman. With the advantages we enjoy, we trust we cannot fail to give a spirit and a life to our sheet that shall effectually "smooth the wrinkles from the brow of care," and give a keener zest even to the enjoyment of pleasure, thus making the Constellation second to no other in the country.

Fashionable Department.—Talk about Town, On Dits in the Fashionable Circles of the Atlantic Cities, &c. will form, we trust, a novel and favorite feature in the plan of the Constellation. Reports of the latest European Fashions, with judicious selections from the best periodicals in this department, such as the Court Journal, La Belle Assemblee, Le Courrier des Dames, The World of Fashion, The Gentlemen's Magazine of Fashion, The Ladies' do, &c. &c. will be found in our columns immediately on their arrival.

Miscellaneous Department.—The Drama has been and is our delight, and will be noticed with strict impartiality and justice; our Museums, Gardens, and public resorts generally will receive no inconsiderable share of attention, while a summary of Foreign and Domestic News of interest, and, in fact, every thing worthy of notice, will always find room in our columns.

Entertaining these views, and trusting to the good sense and liberality of the public to sustain us, we commit our project into their hands—pledging ourselves that nothing shall be wanting on our part to render the Constellation worthy of that patronage which an enlightened community ever awards to the meritei.

SWINBORNE, ROGERS & CO.

TERMS.

The Constellation will be published in a beautiful and attractive form, and at the low rate of **$3,00** per annum, in advance.

*** Editors of newspapers throughout the Union who insert our Prospectus *at our request*, will entitle themselves to a cordial and free exchange.

Agents will be allowed *twenty per cent.* on all monies collected and forwarded by them for subscriptions in advance. Postmasters generally are respectfully invited to interest themselves in our behalf. Letters will not be opened unless post-paid.

New-York, August 23, 1833.

MISCELLANY.

FIENDS ON THE OCEAN.

From Constable's Miscellany.

It was in the year 1766, that M. Dunoyer, an inhabitant of Cape Francois, in the French part of St. Domingo, went to Samona on the Spanish side of the island, for the purpose of forming a residence at that place. He had been there about a year, when Madame Dunoyer wished her husband to return to Cape Francois, the air of which being that of her native place, she thought would prove favourable to her health, which was then delicate. They accordingly embarked in a small vessel belonging to M. Dunoyer, with one infant at the breast and another about seven years old. A negress, their domestic servant, called Catherine, accompanied them. Just as they were about to set sail, an English bark was shipwrecked on the coast hard by, but the crew were saved. There happened at that time to be a French vessel at Samona about to sail, and eight of the shipwrecked party prevailed upon the commander, named Verrier, to receive and land them either at Cape Francois or Monte-Christe. But still thinking they were too many to afford a passage without incommoding himself, Verrier asked M. Dunoyer to take two in his little vessel. One called himself Capt. John, the other was named Young. M. Dunoyer received them, gave them necessities, even linen, they promised on the other hand, to help him during the passage to the utmost of their power.

It was in the beginning of March that every thing was ready for sea. M. Dunoyer first discharged two Frenchmen whom he had engaged to work the vessel, because the two Englishmen offered their services for the purpose, and were good sailors. They accordingly set sail, but came to anchor in the evening at a place called Grigri, about a league from Porto Bata, on the north side of St. Domingo. Supper was got ready near the land, not far from a Spanish dwelling where people customarily stepped to get refreshments. After supper, the stern, which was shaded with palm leaves, was divided by a sail across it from the rest of the bark. Behind it a mattress was placed for Madame Dunoyer, her children, and the negress. The two sailors lay down in the bow of the bark. M. Dunoyer slept upon a mattress which lay at the feet of his wife.

All was still before the midnight hour, when one of the children began to cry. M. Dunoyer handed aft some milk which was carried for the purpose of feeding it, and all again was hushed as at first. Between the hours of three and four, Madame Dunoyer was awakened by a kind of dull blow which seemed to be struck with a hammer or hatchet upon her husband's mattress, and she thought she heard him heave a sigh. Frightened, trembling, and anticipating the truth, she awoke the negress by crying, 'Oh, God, they are killing M. Dunoyer!' She lifted the sail, or curtain, at her feet between her husband's mattress and her own, when the man called John came to her bed, and with a ferocious air lifting the hatchet, threatened to kill her if she gave the least alarm. He then struck her husband two blows more with the hatchet. Young took the tiller and John loosened the sail, as they said, for New York. At day-break the bark was two leagues from land, and Madame Dunoyer who had scarcely strength to rise from the awning, saw cast over the side of the bark, and floating on the sea, the mattress on which the bleeding body of her husband had just been extended. The man called John said to the affrighted wife, 'Don't be alarmed—your husband sleeps well.' He then came to her, and demanded the keys of the boxes and trunks, and her husband's arms, which she immediately gave up. He searched through every package, but found no money. With eyes drenched in tears, she asked why the wretch had the barbarity to kill her husband; for that he had no money in the vessel. The murderer replied that it was to get possession of the vessel and take them to New York.

Seeing there was no money, the assassin became milder in his manner, and offered the unfortunate lady food, tea and chocolate. She refused his offer, upon which they told her not to vex herself or be unhappy; that they would do her no injury, but disembark her on the contrary, with all her baggage, upon the French territory. The rest of the day they said nothing, but left this unfortunate woman to her fears and lamentations.

Night now approached; repose was not to be expected in so dreadful a situation, being in the power of the murderers of her husband. She wept all night over her children. She thought of their father and her own situation. Her husband's image was ever before her eyes, and hour after hour passed away in bitter suffering. During the night, the man called John proposed to his companion to commit an outrage on her person, and that he might take the domestic. Young refused to listen to the proposal, and having lashed the helm and set the mainsail, they lay down. The negress proposed putting out their eyes with a nail as they slept, but she thought they were not both really asleep, and this hindered her making an attempt that must be fatal both to her mistress and herself. It is difficult to imagine, unless she had four hands to use at once, how she could have prevented one of them from taking the alarm before such a design could have been effectually completed.

In the morning they were making rapid way, when Madame Dunoyer again asked if they intended to carry her to New York. They replied if she wished to go to Cape Francois, one of them would take her, together with the children, and negress, in the boat. The horror of her situation, with the murderers of her husband, made her accept any alternative, for what doom was not preferable to remaining on board the bark! She did not recollect that the boat was small, and not calculated to resist the waves of the open sea. It was, in fact, a canoe hollowed out of a single tree, such as is used by the American Indians. On stating her determination to go at any risk, they told her to make up a packet of her linen, or what she most wished to take, as there was no room to stow away her trunks. They put an old pelisse in the bottom of the canoe, four biscuit cakes, a bottle containing a few pints of fresh water, six eggs, a little salt pork, and a kettle. The man John placed the two children and the negress in the canoe first, and then searched the pockets of Madame Dunoyer, in which he found her husband's shoe and collar buckles of silver which she happened to have in her possession. These he took away, as well as the packet of linen she had made up to take in the canoe, and compelled her to follow the negress and children. She expected one of the men would have gone with her to guide the canoe. Instead of this, they cast it loose, hoisted every sail, and in no great while were out of sight. This unfortunate lady was then left with her children and servant by the pirates, for such no doubt they were, to float whither the waves would carry them. Nothing but sky and water was in view—no land could be seen. As the bark quitted them she prayed in vain for help, even from the assassins of her husband, but she implored in vain. There was, nevertheless, a more powerful protection extended over her and her little ones. The eye that never slumbers nor sleeps watched them in their hour of desolation, and they did not perish.

The consternation of Madame Dunoyer, imagination cannot paint. The thought of her children, one a helpless infant, almost reduced her to utter despair. Her kind servant or 'slave,' according to common parlance, tried to revive and console her mistress. All the little aid she could give—all the humble efforts she could make, she exerted to sustain and comfort her. Madame Dunoyer had swooned away at one time; the kind creature had labored to restore her, and succeeded, but Madame Dunoyer only became conscious of existence to deplore afresh the horrors of their unhappy situation. She fancied her children the prey of the bark; she pressed them to her bosom and bathed them in tears, and every look she gave she imagined was the last she should bestow upon the faces of the innocents, unconscious of the magnitude of the dangers that menaced them. At length she obtained sufficient composure to deliver herself and children over to the care of Heaven, and to leave all besides to the waves and to the conduct of the negress who endeavored to manage the canoe without knowing how their course lay. Night came on, and dark and fearful hours were to be passed. The danger of upsetting was augmented by the rising of the wind. The waves were swollen, and one of them entering the canoe, carried away their biscuit and water, leaving them in dread that another would overwhelm them entirely. Fortunately the negress could steer well enough not to hasten such a catastrophe by any ill management. The hours of night seemed as if they would never pass away.

The day broke over a calm ocean, but this was all that appeared to afford them consolation. They knew not where to steer, had they been able to sail; no land was yet in sight. Their hope that some vessel might pick them up was past. Madame Dunoyer could only pray and implore the aid of the Protector of the widow and fatherless. Seven days and nights did these unfortunate females pass in a similar manner, exposed to the atmosphere, and without any food but salt pork. Nearly worn out, Madame Dunoyer every moment expected to succomb. The power of women to endure bodily suffering is far beyond that of the other sex. The rigid tendors of man snap asunder quickly, while the more flexible fibres of women do not break until they have attenuated to the utmost. The thought of her children being left in so deplorable a state was worse to Madame Dunoyer than death. She saw that they must soon perish, and proposed opening a vein to prolong the life of the infant at her breast, because the maternal stream had ceased to yield the wonted supply. About this critical time a vessel was seen at a distance by the negress. Anxiously did they watch its approach, and make all the signals in their power when it was within view. They were at last seen; the vessel made for the canoe, but a new danger arose from the sea's recoiling on the ship and nearly sinking the shallow canoe as it came along side. The people on board were aware of the hazard they ran, and by good management got them all on board safely. The ship was bound to New Orleans, and Madame Dunoyer happened fortunately to have a relation there, Mr. Rougeot, a notary by profession, who received her and her fatherless children with great kindness, arisen as they were almost from the tomb.

The inhabitants of Louisiana, which was then a French colony, generously raised a sum of money for the use of Madame Dunoyer and her children. The first thing she did was to make her relation, the notary, give freedom to the negress, her companion in misfortune, but the faithful creature would not leave her mistress while she lived.

A deposition of the facts relating to the murder of M. Dunoyer was made at New Orleans, and transmitted to New York in the hope of bringing the assassins to justice. No such persons could be discovered there, nor is it probable they intended proceeding there, when, from their own statement, they might be traced, if a vessel happened to pick up the canoe; though it is as likely they calculated on its perishing with all the witnesses of their crime. However this might have been, nothing more was ever heard of the murderers.

Naval Anecdotes.—There is a pleasant anecdote of Lord Howe, who before his great battle with the French, when the British sailors expressed a wish for a little more grog, replied, "Let 'em wait till it's over, and we'll all get drunk together." An incident quite as characteristic, occurred on board Commodore Stewart's frigate after his engagement with the British [illegible] Levant and Cyane. The two captur[illegible] commanders were sitting with the com[illegible]n, when a sailor entered, and asked w[illegible] of the frigate could not have their al[illegible]. "Why," said the Commodore, "[illegible]t. You had your allowance before th[illegible]e, sir," replied the sailor, "that's t[illegible] ned the piggins over, and swore no [illegible] a drop till them there two English[illegible]"—*Nat. Gazette.*

THE HEROINE OF THE TYROL.

(Concluded from our last.)

On inquiry, next morning, I learnt that Rusen was a native of Verona, but possessed of great property and influence in the neighbourhood of Botzen. He was considered as the accepted lover of Dorothea, who however, it was generally suspected, in receiving his addresses, was swayed more by political motives than the hope of connubial happiness. This remarkable young creature, at that time just budding forth a delicate and fragile maiden, had distinguished herself three years previously, when her country fell into the hands of Bavaria, by her ingenuity in suggesting continual obstacles to the domination of the Bavarian government. Yet, urged by my hopes, I could not help imagining (from the interest she took in my preservation) that her hostility to my native land was either decreased, or had been exaggerated.

Some time elapsed, after these occurrences, ere I could again obtain an interview with Dorothea.—Meanwhile, I one evening received orders to escort with my troop a supply of money to Botzen. As I must pass her father's chateau on the route, I resolved at all hazards to attempt to see the object of so many both of my waking and sleeping thoughts. I therefore gave instructions to my lieutenant to await me at a village a little further on, and dismounting, struck into a circuitous path which led to the hall-door of the mansion. Finding this open, I was in the act of presenting myself unannounced in the parlour, when I was fixed to the spot by the startling voice of Rusen. '*To-morrow night, then!*' he exclaimed to some other person in the apartment, 'to-morrow night, in *the Saturn Castle!*'

'Agreed!—but stay—hear me!' and I recognized the tones of Dorothea.

I recollect not the precise train of thoughts that whirled through my brain—there was something of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation, when my consciousness again flowed into a clear stream, I found myself in full gallop after my troop in advance.

Upon our return the following afternoon, I shifted the quarters of my company to the village Saturn, and having seen both men and horses properly billeted, crossed, towards twilight, a wild and terrific chasm, forming one of the natural defences of the castle which towered over-head, its turrets glowing with the rays of the setting sun, whilst beneath all was quickly becoming immersed in gloom. Having never beheld these majestic remains at so favourable a moment, I was for some time absorbed by contemplation: from this reverie, however, I was aroused by the sudden apparition of a young mountaineer, who leapt from crag to crag with inconceivable agility. To avoid any risk of insult from the peasantry, I had laid aside my regimental dress, and therefore watched the boy's progress, heedless whether or not he should be followed by a train. He passed swiftly as the wind, but in passing threw toward me a scrap of paper, which he took from a small basket on his arm. I eagerly examined it, but found nothing more than the enigmatical words—"*'Tis time!*'

I turned over and over in my mind the probable meaning of these emphatic syllables. Their reference to Rusen's mysterious question was palpable; but what did both conjointly imply? Although the Tyrolese were known to be generally disaffected to their existing rulers, yet no evidences had been given of open and organized hostility. It is true—for my suspicions now aggravated every occurrence I could not thoroughly explain—that I had latterly observed several groups of persons engaged in close and anxious conversation; and, in one instance, saw a considerable body of men fixing their eyes intently on the summit of Saturn Castle; but these were vague circumstances, which yielded no positive deduction.

What was to be done? At first I felt strongly disposed to return to the village and get my troops under arms; but my interest to discover whether Rusen and Dorothea met at so strange a time, and in so strange a place, was unconquerable, heightened too by their manifest connexion with what I now began to consider a watchword. I resolved finally, since I was so far on the road, to satisfy myself first in this matter, and then hasten to Saturn and Trent and take the necessary precautions.

Accordingly I pushed on my way, nor relaxed in my pace, although I had to struggle with sundry steep ascents, and rude crags, until I found myself at the foot of the immense rock whereon the castle stands. The grand difficulty now was, to discover the direct rough-hewn flight of steps leading up to the structure, in seeking which I explored the entire circumference, and lost so much time that it had grown dusk all round me. What my sensations were during this interval it is impossible to describe!

Thus situated, my quick ear detected the voice of Rusen. It sounded from beyond a projecting corner of the cliff. Favoured by the darkness, I groped round, and had scarce doubled the point when the transient gleam of a lanthern fell upon three figures, in whom I recognized Rusen, Dorothea, and a female whom I did not remember to have seen before. This momentary light likewise enabled me to attain a spot whence I could *hear*, at least, whatever passed.

Complete silence was maintained by all three for some time—and in the doubtful light their outlines reminded me of a group of marble statues. 'Hear me,' at length exclaimed Rusen in a rough and angered voice, 'and let us fully understand each other. I am, as you know, no Tyrolese. I have no personal feelings to gratify by setting this unhappy country in a blaze. On the contrary, those peaceful plans of commerce which have brought me hither thrive best when public tranquility is established. If, therefore, I stand committed to this confederacy, and throw into the scale my money, influence, and credit, my reward must be rendered certain. Pronounce therefore the word, Dorothea; say that *to morrow* you will be my wife, and this moment will I spring up the rocky height. Speak clearly and firmly; for no longer, and least of all, *here*, will I be trifled with.'

A few moments elapsed ere Dorothea answered, and when she did, her tones were so faint and tremulous that it was quite impossible to distinguish them. 'She *has* consented,' exclaimed the other female; 'up then, if you be a man!'

So intense was my excitement that the whole scene was, as it were, branded upon my heart. The parties moved away, and with stealthy pace I followed. A minute after, the light was seen ascending, as if spontaneously, the face of the cliff. Its position enabled me to hit upon the steps, which, without a moment's hesitation, I began to mount. They were almost perpendicular—slippery and dangerous; but, as if by instinct, my feet fixed themselves firmly in the friendly cavities. I quickly gained upon the light, whilst I felt my strength redoubled by that tigerlike feeling which works on man when he finds almost within his grasp a deadly foe. Immediately above us was a narrow platform running round the base of the building, and here I overtook my rival.

My advancing footsteps induced him to turn in surprise, and at the same instant I rushed on him and seized him by the throat. 'Jehu Maria!' cried he, as his fingers convulsively sought some firm hold upon me, '*Is it not time?*'

'Yes!' I rejoined, 'it is time!' and as the gleam of the lanthern showed him *my* features, his own expressed a mingled feeling of exultation and horror. 'In the name of the king,' I pursued, 'I apprehend you as a traitor. Will you resign yourself as my prisoner?'

'Never!' shouted he.

'Then down with you!' and with my collected strength I dragged him to the brink of the precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we hung together for several minutes over the abyss. A complexity of passions nerved my arm. Personal antipathy to the man, loyalty to my king, love of Dorothea, all combined to animate me; but my antagonist possessed considerable muscular strength, and I doubt whether the issue would have been successful for me, had he not relaxed his hold in order to draw a poignard. This action was fatal to the unfortunate Rusen. I had obtained considerable celebrity in wrestling, with which manly exercise we often beguiled a wearisome hour in garrison, and the instant he loosed his gripe, I got my foot between his and fairly tripped him up.

He fell heavily and headlong from the platform upon the mass of rock beneath, uttering a piercing yell. I stood a moment almost petrified; but having recovered from this stupor, my next step was to descend again the rocky stairs and discover whether my victim yet lived. On reaching the spot whereon he had fallen, I found already there Dorothea and her friend, bending with speechless horror over the motionless body of Rusen, at whose breast the lanthern still remained suspended and unextinguished.

'Are you here, captain?' exclaimed Dorothea, half shrieking: 'merciful heaven, is this a dream?'

'Let us think of it hereafter but as one,' replied I. 'You at any rate, must have no share in this scene of crime and death.'

She answered not, but knelt and unloosened the lamp from the body of Rusen. 'Leave me, Captain Lieber. I must hence to obey the call of a sacred duty. As poor Rusen, alas! no longer lives to perform it, I must complete his intention!'

'Dorothea!' exclaimed I, 'this is the language of madness. You are at present strongly excited, and not able to think for yourself. I must therefore insist on conducting you from this accursed spot. Come, let us begone! *my* duty summons me away.'

'What duty?' rejoined she, firmly but sadly.—'You go to be the means of betraying, perhaps to death, the ill fated being you have said you loved.'

'Never, by heaven!' cried I: 'not by a word, not by a look.'

'But there may be other witnessess of this transaction, and——' she paused a moment and then resumed——'In the centre turret of the castle above us are deposited certain papers, which I am resolved to demolish with the flame of this lamp: otherwise I cannot rest in peace.'

'If that be all, I will accomplish it. Give me the lamp.'

'You, captain!'—and she shuddered as she spoke.

'Nay, dear Dorothea, hesitate no longer: time presses.'

The maiden wrung her hands and wept aloud.

'Do you fear,' resumed I, scarce knowing what I said, 'that I should examine the papers, and betray their contents?'

'I confess that *is* my fear,' she replied lingeringly.

'Shall I then swear not to do so?'

'No, but promise by your honour, by your love for me, that when you have ascended the turret, and found the packet which is placed upon a small box on a flat stone near its top, you will—without looking for any inscription—instantly burn both box and packet, and watch their gradual consumption to ashes. Do you promise this?'

'I do on the honour of a soldier.'

The agitating occurrences of the night had thrown my mind into a state of chaos. I was incapable at the moment of any connected train of thought, and my predominant feeling was the renewed hope of at length attaining Dorothea's heart and hand.

I seized the lamp from the grasp of the heroic though trembling girl, and having once more climbed the precipitous steep, gained its pinnacle without accident. I felt dizzy for a moment on reaching the level from whence the unfortunate Rusen had been dashed; but with unflinching resolution waded over broken stones and rubbish, until I was at the foot of the ruined central tower. Its winding-stair, was imperfect and dilapidated, and I was half dead with fatigue ere I had reached the top. The fresh air, however, which then blew unimpeded over my head, did much to revive me, and at length I approached the mysterious packet. It was deposited on a stone which projected a little from the wall.

True to my promise, I averted my eyes whilst applying the flame to the objects mentioned. The paper, however, having probably become damp, would not readily ignite, and I was thus unwillingly forced to turn and look toward the stone whereon it rested, when I perceived its surface to be—*completely blank!*

An icy coldness shot through every vein as I made this discovery. Meantime, the paper had taken fire, and as it blazed, emitted sundry sparks as if from gunpowder; and having communicated to the box beneath, immediately a huge column of blue flame ascended, steadily, high into the air.

My mental perceptions became clear on the instant. All traces of confusion vanished from my brain, and the whole truth was at once developed. With sudden impulse and supernatural strength, I drew the stone from the wall, and hurled it, box and all, into the void below: but it was too late!—the signal was given. From the summit of every hill, far and near, fires arose, as if simultaneously, tossing about their flames like so many hell-spirits, in the blackness of night, replying to each other's call. The next moment were heard the drums of the infantry, and the trumpets of the dragoons, and these were quickly succeeded by the thunder of small arms and cannon which echoed from valley to valley!

How I descended, first the turret, and then the rock, I have the most distant knowledge. Tearing myself from the outstretched arms of Dorothea, I sprang like a maniac into the village. Alas! I just arrived in time to see my brave fellows, surrounded and overwhelmed, cut to pieces by armed peasantry. Every where around was shouted the signal cry—'*It is time!*'——On that fatal night the Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

Struck by a bullet I fell; and when, after great and protracted suffering, I was once more enabled to conceive what passed around me, I found the mountain-land restored into the arms of Austria, and recognized in my nurse its heroic patriot, Dorothea; who—hostilities having ceased and no further national jealousy existing between us—shortly afterwards became my wife.

CAPTURING A PRIVATEER.

PETER SIMPLE'S NARRATIVE—(*Concluded.*)

We had not been more than a week under the Danish island of St. Thomas, when we discovered a brig close in shore. We made all sail in chase, and soon came within a mile and a half of the shore, when she anchored under a battery which opened its fire upon us. Their elevation was too great, and several shots passed over us and between our masts.

'I once met with a very remarkable circumstance,' observed Captain Kearney. 'Three guns were fired at a frigate I was on board of, from a battery, all at the same time. The three shots cut away the three topsail ties, and down came all our topsail yards upon the cap, at the same time. That the Frenchmen might not suppose that they had taken such good aim, we turned up our hands to reef top-sails; and by the time that the men were off the yards, the ties were spliced, and the topsails run up again.'

Mr. Phillott could not stand this most enormous fib, and he replied, 'Very odd indeed, Captain Kearney; but I have known a stranger circumstance. We had put in the powder to the four guns on the main deck, when we were fighting the Danish gun-boats, in a frigate I was in, and as the men withdrew the rammer, a shot from the enemy entered the muzzle, and completed the loading of each gun. We fired their own shot back upon them, and this occurred three times running.'

'Upon my word,' replied Captain Kearney, who had his glass upon the battery, 'I think you must have dreamt that circumstance, Mr. Phillott.'

'Not more than you did about the topsail ties, Captain Kearney.'

Captain Kearney at that time had the long glass in his hand, holding it up over his shoulder. A shot from the battery whizzed over his head, and took the glass out of his hand, shivering it to pieces. 'That's once,' said Captain Kearney, very coolly; 'but will you pretend that that could ever happen three times running? They might take my head off, or my arm, next time, but not another glass; whereas the topsail ties might be cut by three different shot. But give me another glass, Mr. Simple; I am certain that this vessel is a privateer. What think you, Mr. O'Brien?'

'I am every bit of your opinion, Captain Kearney,' replied O'Brien; 'and I think it would be a pretty bit of practice to the ship's company, to take her out from under that footy battery.'

'Starboard the helm, Mr. Phillott; keep away four points, and then we will think of it to-night.'

The frigate was now kept away, and ran out of the fire of the battery. It was then about an hour before sunset, and in the West Indies the sun does not set as it does in the northern latitudes. There is no twilight: he descends in glory, surrounded with clouds of gold and rubies in their gorgeous tints; and once below the horizon, all is dark.

As soon as it was dark, we hauled our wind off shore; and a consultation being held between the captain, Mr. Phillott, and O'Brien, the captain at last decided that the attempt should be made. Indeed, although cutting out is a very serious affair, as you combat under every disadvantage; still the mischief done to our trade by the fast sailing privateers, was so great in the West Indies, that almost every sacrifice was warrantable for the interests of the country. Still Capt. Kearney—although a brave and prudent officer—one who calculated chances, and who would not risk his men without he deemed that necessity imperiously demanded that such should be done—was averse to the attack, from his knowledge of the bay in which the brig was anchored; and although Mr. Phillott and O'Brien both were of opinion that it should be a night attack, Captain Kearney decided otherwise. He considered that although the risk might be greater, yet the force employed would be more consolidated, and that those who would hold back in the night, dare not do so during the day. Moreover, that the people on shore in the battery, as well as those in the privateer, would be on the alert all night, and not expecting an attack during the day, would be taken off their guard. It was therefore directed that every thing should be in preparation during the night, and that the boats should shove off before daylight and row in shore, concealing themselves behind some rocks under the cliffs which formed the cape upon one side of the harbour; and, if not discovered, remain there till noon, at which time it was probable that the privateer's men would be on shore, and the vessel might be captured without difficulty.

It is always a scene of much interest on board of a man of war, when preparations are made for an expedition of this description; and as the reader may not perhaps have been witness to them, it may perhaps be interesting to describe them. The boats of men-of-war have generally two crews; the common boats' crews, which are selected so as not to take away the most useful men from the ship, and the service, or fighting boats' crews, which are selected from the very best men on board. The coxswains of the boats are the most trust-worthy men in the ship; and on this occasion have to see that their boats are properly equipped.

The launch, yawl, first and second cutters, were the boats appointed for the expedition. They all carried guns mounted upon slides, which ran afore and aft between the men. After the boats were hoisted out, the guns were lowered down into them and shipped in the bows of the boat. The arm chests were next handed in, which contain the cartridges and ammunition. The shot were put into the bottom of the boats; and so far they were all ready. The oars of the boats were fitted to pull with grummets upon iron thole pins, that they might make little noise, and might swing fore and aft without falling overboard, when the boats pulled alongside of the privateer. A baker or two, (that is, small casks holding about seven gallons each,) of water was put into each boat, and also the men's allowance of spirits, in case they should be detained by any unforeseen circumstances. The men belonging to the boats were fully employed in looking after their arms; some fitting their flints to their pistols, others, and the major part of them, sharpening their cutlasses at the grindstone, or with a file borrowed from the armourer—all were busy and all merry. The very idea of going into action is a source of joy to an English sailor; and more jokes are made, more merriment excited at that time, than at any other. Then, as it often happens that one or two of the service boats' crews may be on the sick list, urgent solicitations are made by others that they may supply their places.—The only parties who appear at all grave, are those who are to remain in the frigate, and not share in the expedition. There is no occasion to order the boats to be manned, for the men are generally in, long before they are piped away. Indeed, one would think that it was a party of pleasure instead of danger and of death, upon which they were about to proceed.

Captain Kearney selected the officers who were to have the charge of the boats. He would not trust any of the midshipmen on so dangerous a service. He said, that he had known so many occasions in which their rashness and foolhardiness had spoilt an expedition; he therefore appointed Mr. Phillott, the first lieutenant, to the launch; O'Brien to the yawl; the master to the first, and Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, to the second cutter. Mr. Chucks was much pleased with the idea of having the command of a boat; asked me to come with him, to which I consented although I had intended, as usual, to have gone with O'Brien.

About an hour before daylight, we ran the frigate to within a mile and a half of the shore, and the boats shoved off; the frigate then wore round, and stood out in the offing, that she might at daylight be at a distance as not to excite any suspicion that the boats were sent away, while we in the boats pulled quietly in shore. We were not an quarter of an hour before we arrived at the cape forming one side of the bay, and were well secreted among the clusters of rocks which were underneath. Our oars were laid in the boats' painters made fast; and orders given for the strictest silence. The rocks were very high, and the boats were not to be seen without any one should come to the edge of the precipice; and even then, they would, in all probability, have been supposed to have been rocks. The water was smooth as glass, and when it was broad daylight, the men hung listlessly over the sides of the boats, looking at the corals below, and watching the fish as they glided between.

I can't say, Mr. Simple,' said Mr. Chucks to me, in a under tone, 'that I think well of this expedition; and I have an idea that some of us will lose the number of our mess. After a calm comes a storm; and how quiet is every thing now! But I'll take off my great coat, for the sun is hot already. Coxswain, give me my jacket.'

Mr. Chucks had put on his great coat, but not his jacket underneath, which he had left on one of the guns on the main deck, all ready to change as soon as the heavy dew had gone off. The coxswain handed him the jacket, and Mr. Chucks threw off his great coat to put it on; but when it was opened, it proved that he mistake he had taken away the jacket, surmounted by two small epaulettes, belonging to Captain Kearney, which the captain's steward, who had taken it out to brush, had also had upon the same occasion.

'By all the nobility of England!' cried Mr. Chucks, 'I have taken away the Captain's jacket by mistake. Here is a pretty mess! if I put on my great coat I shall be dead with sweating; if I put on no jacket I shall be roasted brown; and if I put on the captain's jacket I shall be considered disrespectful.'

The men in the boats tittered; and Mr. Phillott, who was in the launch next to us, turned round to see what was the matter. O'Brien was sitting in the stern sheets of the launch with the first lieutenant, and I went over and told them.

'By the powers!' I don't see why the captain's jacket will be at all hurt by Mr. Chuck's putting it on,' replied O'Brien; 'unless, indeed, a bullet was to go through it, and then it won't be any fault of Mr. Chucks.'

No,' replied the first lieutenant; 'and if one did, the captain might keep the jacket, and wear the bullet sent through his body without wounding him. We'll have a good yarn to spin. So put it on, Mr. Chucks, and it makes a good mark for the enemy.'

'That I will, and the risk of wish pleasure,' observed the lieutenant to me, 'for the sake of being considered a gentleman. So here's on with it.'

There was a general laugh when Mr. Chucks pulled on the captain's jacket, and sunk down in the stern sheets of the cutter, with great complacency of countenance. One of the men in the boat that we were in, thought proper, however, to scrutinize his laugh a little longer than Mr. Chucks considered necessary, for looking forward, it was addressed him: 'I say, Mr. Weller, I only leave to observe to you, in the most delicate manner in the world—just to hint to you—that it is not the custom to laugh at your superior officer. I mean just to insinuate, that you are a —— impudent son of a sea cook; and if we both live and do well, I will prove to you that if I am to be laughed at in a boat with the captain's jacket on, that I am not to be laughed at on board the frigate with the boatswain's rattan in my fist; and so look out, my hearty, accordingly, when you come on the forecastle.'

* * * * *

Mr. Chucks having at the end of his oration raised his voice above the pitch required by the exigency of the service, was called to order by the the first lieutenant and taken back into the stern sheets with all the importance and authoritative show, peculiarly appertaining to a pair of epaulettes.

We waited behind the rocks until noonday, without being discovered by the enemy; so well were we concealed. We had already sent an officer, who, carefully hiding himself by lying down on the rocks, had several times reconnoitered the enemy. Boats were passing and repassing continually from the privateer to the shore; and it appeared that they went on shore full of men, and returned with only one or two; so that we were in hopes that we should find but few men to defend the vessel. Mr. Phillott looked at his watch, held it up to O'Brien, to prove that he had complied exactly with the orders he had received from the captain, and then gave the word to get the boats under weigh. The rowers were cast off by the bow men, the guns were loaded and primed, the men seized their oars, and in two minutes we were clear of the rocks, and drawn up in a line within a quarter of a mile from the harbour's mouth, and not half a mile from the privateer brig. We rowed as quickly as possible, but we did not cheer until the enemy fired the first gun; which he did from a quarter unexpected, as we entered the mouth of the harbour, with our union jack trailing in the water over our stern, for it was a dead calm. It appeared that as the low point under the walls, at each side of the little bay, they had raised a water battery of two guns each. One of these guns, laden with grape shot, was now fired at the boats, but the elevation was too low, and although the water was dashed up to within five yards of the launch, no injury was received. We were equally fortunate in the discharge of the other three guns; two of which were passed so quickly, that they were not aimed sufficiently low, and so that their shot fell astern; and the other, although the shot fell among us, did no further injury than cutting in half two of the oars of the first cutter.

In the meantime, we had observed that the boats had shoved off from the privateer as soon as they had perceived us, and had returned to her laden with men; the boats had been dispatched a second time but had not returned. They were now about the same distance from the privateer as were our boats, and it was quite undecided which of us would be first on board. O'Brien perceiving this, pointed out to Mr. Phillott that we should first attack the boats, and should board on the side to which they pulled; as, probably, there would be an opening left in the netting bulwarks, which were tied up to the yard-arms, and presented a formidable obstacle to our success. Mr. Phillott agreed with O'Brien; he ordered the bowmen to lay in their oars and keep the guns pointed ready to fire at the word given, and desiring the other men to pull their best. Every nerve, every muscle was brought into play by our anxieties and increased zeal. When within about twenty yards of the vessel, and also of the boats, the orders were given to fire—the carronade of the launch poured out round and grape so well directed, that one of the French boats sunk immediately; and the musket balls with which our other smaller guns were loaded, did great execution among their men. In one minute more, with three cheers from our sailors, we were all alongside together, English and French boats pell mell, and a most determined hand to hand conflict took place. The French fought desperately, and as they were overpowered they were reinforced by those from the privateer, who could not look on and behold their companions requiring their assistance, without coming to their aid. Some jumped down into our boats from the chains, into the midst of our men; others darted cold shot at us, either to kill us or to sink our boats; and thus did one of the most desperate hand-to-hand conflicts take place that ever was witnessed. But it was soon decided in our favour, for we were the stronger party and the better armed: and when all opposition was over, we jumped into the privateer, and found not a man left on board, only a large dog, who flew at O'Brien's throat as he entered the port.

'Don't kill him,' said O'Brien, as the sailors hastened to his assistance; 'only take away his grog.'

The sailors disengaged the dog, and O'Brien led him up to a gun, saying, 'My boy, you are my prisoner.'

But although we had possession of the privateer, our difficulties, as it will prove, were by no means over. We were now exposed not only to the fire of two batteries at the harbour mouth which we had to pass, but also to that of the battery at the bottom of the bay which had fired at the frigate. In the meantime, we were very busy in cutting the cable, lowering the topsails, and taking the wounded men on board the privateer from out of the boats. All this was however, but the work of a few minutes. Most of the Frenchmen were killed or our own wounded amounted to only nine seamen, and Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, who was shot through the body apparently with little chance of surviving. As Mr. Phillott observed, the captain's epaulettes had made him a mark for the enemy, and he had fallen in his borrowed plumes.

As soon as they were all on board, and laid on the deck—for there were, as near as I can recollect, about fourteen wounded Frenchmen as well as our own—tow ropes were got out forwards, the boats were manned, and we proceeded to tow the brig out of the harbour. It was a dead calm, and we made but little way, but our boats' crews, flushed with victory, cheered, and rallied, and pulled, with all their strength. The enemy perceiving that the privateer was taken, and the French boats sailing away in the harbour, and opened their fire upon us, and with great effect. Before we had towed ahreast of the two water batteries, we had received three shot between wind and water from the other batteries, and the water was pouring fast into the vessel. I had been attending to poor Mr. Chucks, who lay on the starboard side, near the wheel; the blood flowing from his wound, and tracing its course down the planks of the deck, to a distance of some feet from where he lay. He appeared if were faint, and I tied my handkerchief round his leg, as a tourniquet to stop the effusion of blood, and brought him some water, with which I bathed his face, and poured some into his mouth. He opened his eyes wide, and looked at me.

'Ah, Mr. Simple,' said he, faintly, 'is it you?—It's all over with me; but it could not be better—could it?'

'How do you mean?' inquired I.

'Why, have I not fallen dressed like an officer and a gentleman?' said he, referring to the captain's jacket and epaulettes. 'I'd sooner die now with this dress on, than recover to put on the boatswain's uniform. I feel quite happy.'

He pressed my hand, and then closed his eyes again, from weakness. We were now nearly abreast of the two batteries on the points, the guns of which had been trained so as to bear upon our boats, that were towing out the brig. The first shot went through the bottom of the launch, and sunk her; fortunately all the men were saved; but as she was the boat that towed next to the brig, great delay occurred in getting the others clear of her, and taking the brig again in tow. The shot now poured in thick, and the grape became very annoying. Still our men gave way, cheering at every shot fired, and we had nearly passed the batteries with trifling loss, when we perceived that the brig was so full of water, that she could not swim many minutes longer, and that it would be impossible to tow her alongside of the frigate. Mr. Phillott, under these circumstances, decided that it would be useless to risk more lives, and that the wounded should be taken out of the brig, and the boats should pull away for the ship. He desired me to get the wounded men in the cutter, which he sent alongside, and then to follow the other boats. I made all the haste I could, not wishing to be left behind, and as soon as all our wounded men were in the boats, I went to Mr. Chucks to remove him. He appeared somewhat revived, but would not allow us to remove him.

'My dear Mr. Simple,' said he, 'it is never can recover it, and I prefer dying you not to disgrace me. If the crew of the brig before she sinks, I am military honours; if they do not, I

Property of the Naval Academy Museum

the dress of a gentleman. Haste away as fast as you can, before you lose more men. Here I stay—that's decided.'

I expostulated with him, but at that time two boats full of men appeared, pulling out of harbour to the brig. The enemy had perceived that our boats had deserted her, and were pulling to take possession. I had therefore no time to urge Mr. Chucks to change his resolution, and not wishing to force a dying man, I shook his hand and left him. It was with some difficulty I reached the boats that had come up close to the brig; they closed me a little while, but the coxswain of the cutter turning back to my assistance, they gave up the pursuit. In the whole, this was a very well arranged and well conducted expedition. The only man hurt was Mr. Chucks, for the wounds of the others were not of them mortal. Captain Kearney was quite satisfied with our conduct, and so was the admiral, when it was reported to him. Captain Kearney did indeed grumble a little about his jacket, and sent for me to inquire why I had not taken it off Mr. Chucks, and brought it on board. As I did not choose to tell him the exact truth, I replied, 'That I could not do such a dying man, and that the jacket was so saturated with blood, that he could never have worn it again'—which was the case.

'At all events, you might have brought away my epaulettes,' replied he; 'but you youngsters think of nothing but grog and dog.'

I had the first watch that night, when Swinburne, the quarter-master, came up to me, and asked me all the particulars of the affair, for he was not in the boats. 'Well,' said he, 'that Mr. Chucks appeared to be a very good boatswain in his way, if he could only have kept his rattan a little quiet. He was a smart fellow, and knew his duty. We had just such another fellow in our ship, in the action off Cape St. Vincent.'

THE WAY TO TRAVEL.

When Tom Sheridan told his father that he had been crown'd in a coal-pit, Richard Brinsley very properly asked him what could be his motive for such an expedition. 'That I might say that I had been there,' answered Tom. 'You might have said so,' replied the father, 'without taking the trouble to do it.' Such like question and answer might be applicable to many travellers. They travel for the sake of saying they have travelled, and when they return, this is all they know about the matter. These are the very lowest grade of travellers;—they cannot make a book. Is it possible to conceive a degree of insensibility and stupidity as great as that of a human being who cannot make a book? The difficulty one should rather suppose would be to avoid making a book.—But let that pass; with such travellers as these we have nothing to do, our business is with those who bring their travels home with them. The natural torrent of questions to a traveller is, 'What have you seen? What have you heard?—Come tell us all about it.' Such is the natural vanity of the species, that these questions are considered to imply an interest in, and a sympathy with, the traveller himself, who forthwith begins to swell with an exceeding conceit, and to dilate himself into the semblance of a peacock's tail or a quarto volume; and instead of, Mr. Such a one's travels in a certain country, we have nothing but the history of the gentleman himself while dwelling in and passing through the country. Avoiding this too inviting error, other travellers bring home memorials not of what they have seen and related in such a style as if nobody else had ever seen it before them, or was likely to see it after them. They are merely itinerant land surveyors: their only travelling companions are their eyes and Cocker's arithmetic. There is not a great difference between the styles of travelling, according to the nature of and the general acquaintance with the countries visited. The style of Sterne's Sentimental Journey would not be quite the thing in exploring the centre of Africa, or crossing the Andes. There is a certain degree of freedom and familiarity to be observed in visiting countries, as in our intercourse with our neighbours, which must be proportioned to our acquaintance with them. A gossiping tour of China would be quite abominable; and a description of France, describing the aspect of the country, and the towns, and the dresses of the people, and the falls of its rivers, and its constitution, laws, and government, would be equally ridiculous. The one would be unpermanent familiarity at first acquaintance, and the other would be treating an old acquaintance with all the formality of a new one.

We have been led into this train of thought by an unpretended volume, which has been recently published, entitled 'Six Weeks on the Loire, with a peep into La Vendée.' The book begins thus:—

'We left Paris on the 1st of June, 1832, in torrents of rain, which scarcely allowed even the gloomy Bastile, riding on an entrenure to the right, the receptacle of three thousand victims of crime or misfortune, to make itself visible through the squeams medium in which we for a moment leaned forward to contemplate it. Fortunately there is but little philosophy necessary to reconcile the traveller to not seeing his road before him on going out of Paris; the more general complaint is, that it is seen too clearly for never experimental was less fortunate in its subject, unless exceptions and one

here is a topographical picture of the environs of Paris, not given in the form of information but merely as the result of an impression. This will explain that pervades the whole volume, and gives its charm to the tour. It is a kind of sentimental journey without the affectation of sentimentality. The tourist is a lady,—a lady of good taste and good feeling. Very pleasant it is to gain information in this incidental way, so that we are not receiving it in the way of direct instruction, but by the channel of a pleasant rambler. There is a charm and a tact in her mode of describing places to you, as though you had been her companion there, and yet giving an image of them to one who has not visited them. For instance:—

'Passing the ancient chateau of Beauregard, and of Mont St. Louis, we soon arrived within sight of Tours, the garden of France, the classic ground of her most interesting recollections. The noble avenue by which we entered, the fine bridge, stretching to a length of one thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet, the venerable cathedral, the widening river, and the increasing masts that here begin to give it the character of commerce, all prepossessed us in its favour; and as we drove down the Rue Royale, lastly entered one of the finest streets in Europe, and at that moment thronged with military, on their way into La Vendée, and with peasants from all the surrounding villages, in their gayest attire, preparing for the Fête of Pentecost, we acknowledged we had not seen in France a place so likely to charm the gaze of strangers.'

There is nothing in the above extract at all remarkable in point of thought or expression. The charm of it, as of the volume throughout, is in its pure and appropriate good taste; it supposes the place to be known, and at the same time makes it known to those who were previously unacquainted with it. Such a description of a city in China, or even to Hindostan, would be altogether inappropriate and altogether out of keeping. With all the good taste that pervades this pleasant volume, there is also an abundance of good feeling and unstrained sentiment. The tourist travelled with heart as well as eyes open. Here is a pretty picture:—

'After wandering over hill and dale, more and more delighted at every step, I bent my course back to the town. In descending the hill, I turned round by a sharp angle of rocks; and there, sitting all alone in a hollow, with wild flowers springing around her, twirling her distaff, and watching a solitary cow grazing beside her, sat the prettiest little creature I ever beheld: she was not above eight years old; the first moment I saw her I thought of Annette Nicholas, and fancied that love model of humble piety must have been such another; but the next I seemed to see in her my own sweet Alice, the gem of her father's heart, and kissed the flaxen locks and dimpled cheeks that recalled her so forcibly to my remembrance. She was no way embarrassed by my caresses, and returned them by smiles, and a heightened bloom that made her look prettier still: "Et comme tu beaucoup ta vache, ma petite?"—"Ah! oui, Madame, beaucoup, beaucoup." "Et l'embrasses-tu quelquefois?" "Oui, quelquefois, quand on la trait." So we kissed her again, and made her happy by giving her a few sous. It was thus, on the opposite side of the Loire, that Madame de Montemon kept sheep in the days of her infancy; and better had she never left her native fields, than sat at the side of a doting monarch to procure the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—an act alike of injustice and impolicy, of which she is generally supposed to have been the instigator.'

Our tourist is not always sentimental in the graver sense of the word, but a pleasant humour frequently displays itself in her pages, as may be seen in the following exhibition of an English traveller:—

'It is astonishing, go where you will, to see how the English may always be distinguished from all the world besides, by their invariably choosing to do every thing in a manner and at a time that no one else would. I never saw an English person at a table-d'hote, that I did not instantly know him to be such by his deportment. One in particular amused me, by the solemn sense he seemed to entertain of his own importance: when he took his place at dinner, he left space enough for half a dozen more between the other guests and himself; and thus sitting in solitary grandeur at the bottom of the table, he reminded me of

"——sole dum virgo, the planets of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, 'mid his watery moons,
Girt with a belt zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exiled monarch."

He consoled himself the first day in his insulated greatness, by calling for wines which the house did not afford; and when they were at length procured for him, he found them so novel to his palate, and uncongenial to his stomach, that he was obliged to have recourse to the vulgarity of qualifying them with eau sucrée, which, however, he asked for in an octave lower than he had done for the wine. After dinner he remained alone, with his dessert and wine at a small table, but also the newspaper, that silent, best companion of an Englishman's self-communion sociability, was wanting; and to supply its gravely took out his pocket with an business like air, laid

and w

[illegible] Dane, Esq.' and a good proverb to any Dane who will spoke English like a native, during the same time to search at any one [illegible] as being addressed in [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

From this entertaining [illegible] every extract illustrative [illegible] in search of what [illegible]

On the whole, seeing [illegible] the resident and pleasure [illegible] unknown. The book is [illegible] appointments that we have [illegible] a peculiar interest [illegible] yet young and the [illegible]

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Captain Owen's narrative has the following allusion [illegible]

For many years past Captain Owen the Flying Dutchman has been a popular [illegible] to the mariners. Few have often passed the [illegible] but have [illegible] —Not only [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

and set adrift to look for lodgings—finding them at last in a little room six stories high, and as hot as purgatory. Roasting all night, and thinking of a comfortable bed at home.

Seventh. Breaking down in the stage—having a horse knocked up or getting the blind staggers half a dozen miles from a tavern, raining pitchforks all the time—swearing at the driver, his master, and coaches in the whole concern to kingdom come—finally, being obliged to put up with the whole matter, and having the consolation that you have sworn a great deal to no purpose, and got into a passion for nothing.

Eighth. Being obliged to eat a dinner at some village rural village, got up in the true spirit of rustic cookery, achieved by an article who roasts meat to a cinder, butters it to fanaticism, and forcibly reminds you of the proverb about the d—l sending cooks, &c.

Ninth. Travelling so fast from one place to another, that you remember nothing of the country through which you pass; getting up before daylight and riding till after dark—arriving at the hotel late—eating a huge supper—going right to bed, getting the nightmare and dreaming of being smothered in onions.

Tenth. Scraping an acquaintance with an exceedingly polite gentleman, with a travelled air, and paying with your pocket book for the honour of his company—or getting very thick with a fellow just out of the State's prison—or being seized by the button by a politician, who insists on your arguing the question of the tariff and internal improvements—or what is worse than all, being beleaguered by a villain with his head full of canals and railroads, whose tongue goes faster than a locomotive, and you never arrives at the end of his journey.

Eleventh. Fleas—bugs—musquetoes—feather beds—equivocal sheets—creaking bedsteads—dirty waiters—dear roads—lame horses—superannuated stages—drunken drivers—nasal swimming in grease—new whiskey—sour wine—sweet vinegar—heavy bread—muddy coffee—oily butter—tough mutton—tough chickens—tough wages and tough landlords—razy devils—was ever bound at a tavern with nothing but an almanac, the book of martyrs with horrible wood cuts, or an old country newspaper, to pore over—and every now and then tantalized with a prospect of clear weather, winding up with a pelting shower—sitting on the roof of a canal boat and being knocked over by a bridge—to be thrown, in short, out of all your usual habits, deprived of all your accustomed comforts, deserted from all your favourite amusements and occupations—to lose your time and spend your cash to no purpose—to be tired to death, bored to death, and worried to annihilation—to have no comfort abroad—and to return home with a full conviction of the truth of the old proverb about 'a fool and his money.' Heavens and earth!—who would be a traveller that had any other home than an Indian's hut or a Laplander's cave, and any other mode of killing time except hanging himself?—*Courier & Enquirer.*

EXAMINING WITNESSES.—An important trial took place in Edinburgh several years ago. The subject of litigation was a property of considerable value in a northern parish, and the question on which the whole turned was the state of the intellect of the person who had disposed of it. A great many witnesses were examined on either side, and amongst the rest a shrewd old man, a cattle dealer, who was chiefly relevant in the language he was in the daily habit of hearing. *Mr. Jeffrey.* "I am given to understand that you have been intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Badenach; and I wish you to state to the court what was the estimate you formed of his intellectual character." *Witness.* "I kent the man brawly, but never heard only thing till his character. To be sure he seldom gaed to the kirk." *Mr. Jeffrey.* "It is not his moral character I wish to know about, but I do wish to know, and I insist on your stating, whether or not you consider the late Mr. Badenach a gentleman of particularly quick parts, or otherwise." *Witness.* "What's your wull, sir." *Mr. Jeffrey.* "Did you think Mr. Badenach compos mentis?" *Witness.* "Compos mentus!" *Mr. Jeffrey.* "In other words, did you consider Mr. Badenach's mental faculties to be [illegible] wise than those of the generality of other men, or otherwise?" *Witness.* "A man of facilities and all erwise." *Mr. Jeffrey.* "Why, my lord, I can make nothing of this witness." *Mr. Cockburn.* "My learned brother is himself in fault. I shall examine this witness myself." "Weel, Saunders," said he, in a most familiar manner, at the same time handing the witness a snuff box to give him a snuff, "hae ye been ony thing lang acquainted wi' Badenach?" "Ever since he was the hicht o' my knee," was his ready reply. "Did ye think," says Mr. Cockburn, giving the witness a significant look, "that there was ony thing intill the creature?" *Witness.* "Troth an noos, no that muckle, nae mair intellect than the stane ettercap yett intill him." *Mr. Cockburn.* "Could he have been trusted to sell cattle in a market?" *Witness.* "The body could na hae been sell the selling o' a calf. Ony flesher's bairn might has cheated him." *Mr. Cockburn.* "The witness may retire. I have no more questions to put to him."—*Eng. pap.*

COURTSHIP.—A poor country minister lately arrived at Boston, (Mass.,) and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home (as he declared his intention of remaining in the city but a day or two). The husband of the lady, not wishing to show attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street, and had the horse put up there. Finally, the visit became a visitation, and the merchant after a lapse of eleven days, found that beside lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the stable, and told him, when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill. 'Very good,' said the stable keeper, 'I understand you.' Accordingly, in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable, and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill of course was presented. 'Oh,' said the gentleman, 'Mr. ——, my relation, will pay this.' 'Very good, sir,' said the stable keeper, 'please get an order from Mr. ——.' 'I will by the same token,' quoth the horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to the long wharf, where the steamboat was. 'Well,' said he, 'I am going to ——.' 'Are you?' said the merchant, 'well, good bye sir.' 'Well, about my horse, the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping.' 'Well, I suppose that's all right sir.' 'Yes—well—but—you know that I'm your wife's cousin.' 'Yes' said the merchant, 'I know you are, *but I'll be d——d if your horse is!*'

We remember a story of Incledon, the once famous vocalist, that on an "Affair of Honor" most egregiously. Poor Incledon was one of the unsophisticated, and said and did a great many things out of sheer simplicity, that had been much better left unsaid and undone. Something of this kind gave offence to a gentleman with whom Incledon happened to fall in company, and the offended party resolved upon satisfaction. He sought out the singer accordingly, and was lucky enough to find him enjoying his bottle of port, one fine afternoon, at a toped level. "Mr. Incledon," says the waiter, "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir." "Show him up, then," said Incledon. "Sir," said the visitor, in a towering passion, "I'm told that you have been talking free with my name in a very improper manner, and I've come to demand satisfaction." After some gallying, Incledon rose, put on his hat, and, planting himself at one side of the room, began warbling "Black-eyed Susan," in his most delicious style. When he had finished, "There, sir," said he, "that has given complete satisfaction to several that's inside, and if you want any thing more, I've only to say, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with."—*N. York Traveller.*

ORIGINAL AND TRUE.—A servant woman, near our office, was employed to do the cooking for a family. When the hour for dining arrived, the landlady inquired whether dinner was ready? No mam was the reply—I have not yet finished stringing the beans. The cook was industriously at work sewing the beans on strings. Lord what shall I do, the company are waiting—Indeed, mam I don't know; you told me to string the beans, which I am doing with all my might. —*N. Y. Gaz.*

"'Twas some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the former victory."—SOUTHEY.

A few days since, as the laborers employed by the Providence Aqueduct, were at work in excavating the earth in the rear of Dyers Block, Broad street, they fell upon the bones of a human being, apparently belonging to a man of the age of thirty or forty years. The finding of the bones elicited a variety of conjecture, and whilst one was of opinion, that they belonged to some poor creature who fell a victim to masonic vengeance, another was decidedly impressed with the belief, that they were the bones of one who had been murdered for his money.

In the midst of all the speculation, the venerable Captain Turpin Smith, from the stores of his memory shed a flood of light on the subject. According to Captain Smith, the bones unquestionably belonged to an unfortunate negro, who preferred the repose of the grave to a life of suffering and bondage. Thus was Capt. Smith's story.

About the year 1758, seventy-five years ago, a sloop came to this port, from the Island of Curacoa, commanded and manned by free men of color, descended from the fathers of Africa. The sloop, in consequence of some informality in her papers was seized, and the companions of her voyage were adjudged to be 'contraband goods,' and it was decreed by the colonial courts, that they should be sold into perpetual bondage, for the benefit of his majesty of England.

The day of sale at length arrived, and the unoffending negroes were offered for sale at public auction "at the foot of the hill," near the place where the bones of which we have spoken were found. When the Auctioneer, had commenced the sale, one of the blacks stepped forward, and in the presence of the throng that had assembled, said, that if he was sold, he would kill himself on the spot, and thus escape that slavery to which he was unjustly exposed. The Auctioneer, considered the proposals of the black worth cash and bravery, and in a few minutes sold him to a speculator in "domestic animals." The moment the purchase money had deprived the sale, the indignant and high spirited African drew a dagger to his breast, and instantly died on the spot. A little while ago, his misery for was the act justified by necessity, and those he has probably rejoined the dead.—*Prov. City Gaz.*

BIOGRAPHY.

LORD DOVER.

"George James Welbore Agar Ellis Baron Dover, of Dover, county of Kent, a Trustee of the British Museum, and of the National Gallery, F. C. L. F. R. S. and F. S. A., was born 12th Jan. 1797; married March 7, 1822, Lady Georgiana Howard, second daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and niece of the Duke of Devonshire and Countess Granville. His Lordship was created a Peer under the present administration, and was the only son of the present Viscount Clifden, by Lady Caroline Spencer, daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough. By this lady he has left an only and infant son and six children. The present Lord is only in his sixth year. On the change of the Government in November 1830, Lord Lansdowne was selected to succeed Viscount Lowther as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests—which office, however, he resigned a few weeks afterwards, on account of his delicate health. Lord Dover was warmly attached to literary pursuits, and an author of reputation. His last work was 'Correspondence of Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann' published from the original in the possession of Earl Waldegrave."

[From another source—the Literary Gazette—we derive a fuller account of his Lordship's public and literary labours.]—

"In the arts and in literature his taste was refined, his ardour unquenchable, and his affections transferred in the kindest disposition from the productions to the producers. This sympathy caused him to be much beloved, and, in truth, we can say, that to know him, was to be sincerely attached to him. The last on Wednesday morning, having been a long while in delicate and bad health. His latest literary production was the editing of Walpole's Correspondence: we can fancy it regulated the hours of pain and suffering, and we are aware that the labour was an act of noble and disinterested kindness. We have further only to copy what we have written elsewhere, when engaged on another work. After alluding to his earnest promotion of every thing calculated to advance the national improvement, prosperity, and glory —and his high lineage—we turned to the principal events of his own brief career, and said—

'These will be found to be connected with his parliamentary conduct, with his patronage of the fine arts, with his encouragement of designs and works of general utility, and with his literary productions; in all of which, we consider him to be, if not the most distinguished, certainly one of the most distinguished individuals of his age and station which England has the good fortune to possess. Men of this stamp are invaluable. As a senator, moderate and enlightened, while at the same time firm and consistent, the true interests of the kingdom may safely be reposed in such keeping. Endowed with taste and discrimination, the arts, which adorn humanity, must flourish under the fostering spirit of such patronage. Patriotic in purpose, and liberal in pursuit, manufactures, inventions, and beneficial projects, require only such friends to mature their advantages. Gifted with high intelligence, a cultivated mind, and the love of letters, literature must be greatly indebted to the active labors and cordial co-operation of such as enjoy the rank and inclinations of an Agar Ellis. This may sound like eulogy; but is it not merited by the rare union of faculties and disposition which we have described? Move where we will in our vast metropolis, we meet with this gentleman, yet young in years, at the head or in the heart of every plan which has for its object the amelioration of the people, or the honour of the state. * * * * * *

'Mr. Ellis was born on the 14th of January, 1797, and in 1822 married Georgiana, second daughter of George, sixth and present Earl of Carlisle, by whom he has several children. At the general election in 1818, he was returned for the boroughs of Heytesbury; and at the age of twenty-one took his seat in the imperial Parliament, of which he has ever since continued to be an efficient member; seldom, indeed, taking a very conspicuous part in debates upon the great political questions which have been discussed; but while he maintained his principles upon these in a way not to be misunderstood, applying himself with more congenial and prominent zeal to every subject which interested the cause of learning, the fine or useful arts, charities, and the improvement of the people. Thus, in 1824, when the sum of £57,000 was appropriated to the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection of pictures for the public, as the foundation of a National Gallery, it must be recorded to the lasting fame of Mr. Ellis, that he was the first person who suggested this illustrious design, and one of the most earnest and enlightened of its advocates, whose energy led to the adoption of the measure. Already have we seen this establishment gaining strength, and growing in beauty with every year of its existence; and when future generations shall view its accumulated glories with British pride, we trust that some memorial will be there to recall to their remembrance the individual to whom the debt of gratitude for their enjoyment and

[illegible] is due. [illegible] Greek [illegible] recently published, entitled a Treatise [illegible] the Greek Metres, [illegible] the arts generally [illegible] and if we have [illegible] like Mr Edgar Poe we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

'Good very kind. I will let you know in a few days, or soon as I shall have concluded my private affairs. In the meantime I will just finish this bottle, and pass the port over the water.'

'Very fine, my captain!' exclaimed the lady, with her eyes actually sparkling in her head.

'I am sorry, Mrs. Middleton, I am not a captain at present, sir. A plain lieutenant's sash is all the service can afford.'

'I hope you'll not be captain long, as a general's lady is rather too much for me to manage.'

'Well, madam, I may consider every thing settled, then?'

'Yes, all my Withers.'

'Your Withers, I muttered, and bolted out of the room.

I and young Walton were both in love with the family that night. Lucy, I am sure, is a very beautiful creature, for I never saw such an one cross the sphere of my life. Her mother, forgive, disappointed in me, and as I sometimes, curse me if I thought old Jenkins and I would ever have done swigging vast tumblers to each other's health. In fact, the old gentleman got so drunk as a lord. I don't say I regretted my partiality for water, and the noisy Thomas, though, I perceived, he stood the liquor every time it came round, sung and laughed, and roared about as if he had been mad. I could not help thinking there was some little cunning in all this, but I thought if he was such an ass as to advertise being merry, when he ought to be so in reality, the less was for me, not mine. Not a word was said on the subject of the offer. The ladies seemed, both a little confused at old Jenkins's boisterous, and rather coarse mirth. We went on drinking for a late hour, and when I offered to go away, my old friend would not hear of the proposal. 'Body o' me, man—we don't lose near relations out at this hour of the night. You shall sleep here, you shall; Frank can toddle home by his parentage on a pad; he, he, he! you, my boy, you shall not stir a step. We'll have another cup, and then—so, good night, Frank, my boy.'

Walton got up to leave us. As I went with him to the door, and shook hands at parting, he whispered me to beg me to make a favour of me on return for the use he had been of in my behalf. 'What is it?' I said.

'Oh, nothing—nothing,—only if there's an alarm of fire, thieves, or to night, don't disturb yourself, 'tis only a mouse.'

'A mouse!—wild rogue—' I then ran upstairs to undress; I—off with you!'

And I was he went. In a short time after his departure, old Jenkins really became so foolishly amiable, that I was very glad when his old servant, Williams, came in to huddle him off to bed. I took my candle, and as I knew the house pretty well, no one thought of showing me the way. I confess my expectations had scarcely been less than those of my future father-in-law, but luck if I had a stronger head. As I walked with all the steadiness I could muster along the passage I came accidentally—at a side window which looked out upon the lawn—upon the beautiful Julia herself. 'Heavens!' I cried, 'how lucky I am!' 'Hush,' she said, 'you'll alarm the house.' 'And what are you doing here, my pretty one, dressed too, as if for a promenade?—you ought to have been sound asleep an hour ago!' 'I was tempted by the beautiful moon,' she said,—(the devil a moon could I see)—'but now I am hurrying off as fast as I can.' I seized her hand as she attempted to pass me, and favoured it with kisses as gallantly as the hero of a novel. She pulled it suddenly, and rather angrily away from me. 'For shame, Captain Withers,' she said, holding up her finger ogleishly, 'what would my aunt say?' 'Your aunt, my dear Julia, may say whatever her old silly tongue thinks proper, but as for you and me, my darling ——.' The young lady had disappeared, and I made such an unconscionable lurch as I enacted the lover, that I nearly put out my candle. I went to bed and in about a couple of minutes was as fast as Gibraltar.

I can't tell you how long I had been asleep, when I thought I heard a voice several times calling on me to get up. I recollected my promise to young Walton, and slipping up as gently as possible, and groping my way in the pitch darkness to the door, I turned the key without the slightest noise, and got quietly into my warm crib again. I had not been well asleep the second time, when such a devil of a row was kicked up in the passage, that it was impossible even to pretend not to be disturbed. I heard old Jenkins, scarcely recovered from the effects of his potations, bellowing at the top of his voice for Julia—then a prodigious knocking at another door in the passage, and exclamations for 'Sister!—Sister Middleton!' in a moment my door was attacked as if by a battering ram. 'Withers! Captain Withers! for God's sake answer if you are within!—Julia and her aunt have disappeared—open the door.'

Thus adjured, I could not refuse; I opened the door, and in walked Old Jenkins, and William close behind him, while two or three of the maid-servants peeped in with the utmost anxiety from the passage. 'Hilloa, what's the matter?' I said. 'Is the house robbed?' 'Robbed!' replied Old Jenkins, 'I fear it is. Julia is no where to be found. Her clothes have all disappeared. I strongly suspect she has eloped.' 'Impossible!' I cried, greatly perplexed, 'after what happened yesterday, it would be madness to suspect it.' 'My sister, too, is no where to be found.' 'Ha, ha!' I cried, 'that's too much of a joke. Do you think any lady has run off with her self?'

'There's no saying.'

'I'll warrant ye against that. Who the deuce would take the trouble to carry off such a very elderly [illegible] in the middle of the night?'

'She's extremely very ugly,' replied my friend, 'but then she is so confoundedly romantic—and Captain Withers, made proposals to her not more than two hours ago.'

'For her?—for Mrs. Middleton?' by the Powers! You are facetious this morning. What! I make proposals for her?—such a queer, old, ridiculous vixen as that?'

'And why not, sir?' cried the lady herself, coming out from behind the curtain at the foot of my bed, [illegible] 'ridiculous vixen as that?'

Old Jenkins nearly fainted at this unexpected apparition.—'Captain Withers,' he said, 'this is too much. You shall answer for this, sir. What business has that lady in your bed-room?'

'Upon my word, I should like very much if you would ask her. I'll take my oath it was not by my invitation,' said I.

'I'll tell you all about that,' said the lady, casting doubtful looks all the while at me; 'on the first alarm of Julia's elopement, I rushed into the passage, not knowing what I did; and anxious to get Captain Withers' assistance, I opened his door and called him; he was sound asleep, I went up to him and called louder and louder, but he seemed to take no notice. All of a sudden, he jumped out of bed, and ran and bolted the door. What was I to do? I hid myself behind the curtain till you came in,—and now to hear what the wretch says of me behind my back—false, inconstant, cruel, O! O! O!'

'I don't believe a word of all this story,' cried Old Jenkins, 'Captain Withers, you are a rascal, sir. You have abused my hospitality, and dishonoured my family,—you shall pay for it, sir. You are a villain——'

'Very well, old gentleman,' I said, having [illegible] clothes dressing, 'go on in such as you like, I shall have the honour, the pleasure, I can procure a friend of shooting you as dead as a herring. I certainly took a fancy to your daughter, and asked your consent to her marrying her. You said you were very sorry—this old lady said the same;—but till we have had a meeting, of course all negociations are at an end.'

'We shall have no meeting, sir, rest assured of that, unless in presence of a jury,' he replied. I put on my hat, and walked quietly out of the house, leaving the old lady with her face hidden in her handkerchief.

'Well, gentlemen,'—continued Withers, 'I suppose you all guess what was the real truth of the matter. Walton and Julia had gone off together, getting me into a desire of a escape by the by. Old Jenkins forgave them with all his heart, as he was not liable for their violence against me. They raised an action of damages for breach of promise of marriage. The widow was [illegible] by the jury at great length. She swore to them I had asked her to marry—not in precise words, for I [illegible] but that I had [illegible] for never met with—but that I had [illegible] friend's company—meaning her by the word 'friend.' I was quite triumphant, however, [illegible] and had some thoughts of giving Jack Morrell the sad [illegible] for a expectancy in the line.

Old Armigell swore that I had expressly given him to understand that I was soon to be a member of Mr. Jenkins's.

Julia herself declared that she had looked upon her [illegible] as the result of my frequent visits to their cottage, and adjusted conversations, which she had understood in quite a different way from what I had meant them.

Walton swore that I informed him positively I was going to marry Mrs. Middleton.

But when old Jenkins told them, in addition to all that the others had said, the story of her being found, under very suspicious circumstances, in my bedroom, the whole jury rose up in an agony of indignation, returned a verdict for the full amount of damages, and expressed great sorrow they had not given me a higher sum. What could twelve low fellows, that up in a [illegible] know of promises of marriage, tender feelings, harrowing distress, and all the nonsense a chattering fellow in a wig talked to them about? But still they nabbed me, you'll perceive. I had to pay two thousand pounds, besides a great deal more for expenses. I gave up my castellated cottage, used great exertions to get on full pay, and have never from that day to this said a civil word to a woman, especially to a widow.'

'Did you call old Jenkins out?' said Somers.

'Oh, the old fellow would not [illegible]—but, drink on my love, and ask me no more questions. I've told you the whole of my story, and not another [illegible] shall you get from me to-night.'

THE ORIGINAL.

(Continued.)

We have elsewhere stated that Mr. Barnaby M[illegible] character was a 'special original;' he was continually pandering, (or, to borrow Addison's favorite term—[illegible] attributes, and consequences; inasmuch, that no subject could be touched upon in his presence without an interruption from him. This invariably consisted of a reiteration of the word which had attracted his attention, (generally in an interrogative tone,) whatever it would probably lead to, its contingencies, and results, the result most likely to accrue therefrom. This however, did not proceed from that obesity of intellect which leads men to dwell upon trifles only, and think themselves observers of the world; but rather from a reversible method of considering matters, which led him to take a rapid and [illegible] view of things, [illegible]

of the most unimportant nature to those of the utmost magnitude,) and draw the most sound deductions from them in consequence. Thus, his mind being always charged, it was impossible to restrain him from popping out his prophetic syllogisms every time a person spoke in his presence. For exemplification—he was one day lost in thought by the fire-side, when his sister archly asked him if he should like to take unto himself a wife? 'A wife?' said he, starting from his reverie. 'A wife? children—squalls—an unquiet house!'

Now here was the thesis—'*a wife*,' which he pursued to its probable consequences—'*children*:' he then dwelt on its contingency—'*squalls*,' and rounded off its period with the natural result—'*an unquiet house*.' On another occasion, upon handing a glass of wine to a young lady, at an assembly, he was informed that she was bethrothed to an officer in the army. 'An officer,' echoed he, replacing the liquor upon the salver from which he had taken it—'an officer?—challenges—duels—the sexton!' We trust the enlightened reader will now be able fully to appreciate the philosophical absurdities of Mr. Barnaby Mainchance.

He had only that morning arrived from Oxford, where he had been completing his studies preparatory to adopting some profession as a future livelihood, and it was to welcome him that Angelica had been sent for, when Simon so inopportunely broke upon the few moments she had stolen to pass with Alfred. Barnaby was tall in person, and pedantic in appearance, yet an expression of philanthrophy shone upon his otherwise plain countenance, that was evidently the refraction of a benevolent mind.

When Mainchance and his son reached the study, the former carefully closed the door, and seating himself in an easy chair, motioned Barnaby to his side, and in an under tone thus addressed him. 'It is now time, my boy, to treat you as a man worthy of being trusted, and to unfold to you some of the grand secrets, to which you have hitherto been a stranger.'

'Whereat I entertain a truly filial pride,' said Barnaby.

'I expected as much,' returned his father, drawing still closer. 'But I must premise what I have to say by observing, that from this moment you must completely alter your habits, for at present you smell too strongly of honesty.'

'It is the best policy,' said Barnaby.

'That is a good plebeian motto, but I would have you more wise.'

'I would be 'wise as the serpent—but without its guile.''

'Be better still, Barnaby—be a wise rogue——'

'Rogue? Crime—discovery—Jack Ketch,' ejaculated Barnaby.

'Pooh!' said Mainchance, '' is only simple rogues who come to that; and, as a proof of it, I hereby confess unto you—that though I pass for a very upright attorney at law, yet there is not in England a greater knave!'

Barnaby raised his hands with astonishment, and then with a gravity that might be termed solemnly ridiculous, said, 'If you've any good news I'll trouble you, but pour no more of thine hebenous secret into mine ear—'a still tongue maketh a wise head.''

'A truce with your proverbs,' said Mainchance, angrily.

''They are the wisdom of nations,'' quietly observed Barnaby.

'No doubt—but I am too old to be instructed by them,' returned Mainchance.

''An old dog will learn no tricks,'' persisted his son.

'Listen, without interruption,' pursued the father. 'When I was young, no rat had ever less to begin the world with; I, however, thought that by a strict adherence to the lessons of rectitude I had learned from teachers, fortune would be tempted to smile upon me; but, God save the mark! I grew poorer every day, and so I bethought me of turning over a new leaf—and I did so—and I associated with attorneys—and I got into the office of one—and I saw with microscopic eye the smallest opportunity for gain, and seized it. I never was over-reached in my life, for when I entered the apartments of speculation, I always took care to look under the carpet to see if the floor was clean. I was, as it were, engaged in a game of blind-man's-buff with all mankind; and though apparently hood-winked, contrived to reserve a peep hole for myself, by which I was enabled to catch whom I pleased. Thus wealth oozed through a thousand channels into my coffers. I articled myself to my masters—became an admitted member of his glorious profession, succeeded to his widow and country business at his death, and by one master-stroke, secured the means of placing myself above the reach of want for ever.'

Barnaby cocked his nose, and eagerly demanded by what master-stroke he had attained that end; in reply to which Mainchance drew his son to that part of the room most distant from the door, and for nearly ten minutes spoke in a tone so low, that it could not reach the key-hole.

'The devil!' exclaimed Barnaby, when his father had concluded.

'Yes,' returned the lawyer; 'and now if I can get rid of Thorner, and accomplish my schemes regarding Angelica—in which I shall need your assistance—you shall immediately go to London; and if money can place you on the woolsack, there you shall be seated before I die.'

Barnaby gazed upon his father, with an expression which it was impossible to define. A covert smile played upon his features, yet they expressed a sort of dissatisfaction, blended with sternness and sarcasm, as he drily replied, 'The woolsack! verily I have heard of those who 'went out for wool, and returned shorn.''

Further controversy was now prevented by the entrance of Simon, who announced that Ensign Thorner was at the gate, and requested a conference with Mr. Mainchance.

'Ho, ha!' said the lawyer, 'I didn't bargain for so early a meeting—this smells of a dispute—however, show him up, Simon.'

'Safe!' cried our hero of the rose-bush, 'the six ensigns shall be here in nine minutes,' and he disappeared.

'Shy of the sense,' said Barnaby. This was a favourite expression when he meant to imply a deficiency; for instance, if any person spoke of an '*ouse*,' or an '*orrible og*,' Barnaby would give a sly wink, and exclaim, 'shy of the *h*.'

'You are mistaken in that man;' said Mainchance; 'he is an oddity, I confess; but as excellent a rogue as ever come under the hangman's hands; I make him my prime agent.'

'The devil!' (another of Barnaby's favourite exclamations;) 'but why doth he amplify so marvellously.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' chuckled the old lawyer; 'you don't comprehend Simon's oddities yet, I perceive. You know it is a favourite plan of mine, when I discharge a servant, to mark upon a board the fault for which he lost his situation, under the idea that future hirelings may avoid a commission of the like, and that thus I may in time gain one who is faultless. However, I have, to my cost, found my plan nearly useless, *inattention* being the fault more frequently registered than any other, which Simon, perceiving, he determined to avoid it by obeying my every instruction to the very letter; thus, when he drew out a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, (for I frequently employ him to my office,) I told him it was usual where a man broke a window, or knocked another down, to septuple or otherwise increase the number, and insert a charge against him, as having destroyed seven panes, bruised eight noses, and so forth. I say, you Barnaby, d'ye catch the idea?'

'Undoubtedly. He septules, or otherwise increases every thing else in consequence,' said Barnaby, taking a pinch of snuff.

'Yes; and were I to dislocate my collar-bone, he would tell you I had broken half a dozen—safe! Ha! ha! ha!'

'Funny dog—comic rogue—ingenious rascal!' said Barnaby, and the door at that moment opening, Ensign Thorner entered, followed by Simon himself.

After settling himself upon his seat with all the gravity of a judge, Mainchance asked the reason of this intrusion; to which the young soldier replied in manly terms, that the motives which led him to disobey the lawyer's injunctions, were, a wish to peruse his father's will, and a determination to force its behests, should any property have been left him in any of the clauses. From this, and some other discourse, it appeared that Thorner had been left under the guardianship of Mainchance by the will of his father; and the young gentleman having now arrived at the age of discretion, deemed himself entitled to something beyond the sum which had been expended in the purchase of his commission. For a few minutes Mainchance was evidently dismayed at Thorner's boldness; he having frequently assured him that the cost of the ensign's outfit was, in pure charity, advanced from his own private purse; but the crafty lawyer soon recovered himself, and arraying his forehead with a shield of triple brass, boldly asserted that he had not a farthing belonging to Alfred in his possession.

'Let me, then, see the will,' said Thorner.

'A just request—'seeing is believing,'' added Barnaby.

With just grin enough to give an expression of conscious triumph, and habitual cunning, to his square countenance, our effector of causes rose from his seat, and taking a small key from a pocket cut in the inside of his waistcoat, he crossed to an iron safe, ('*Safe, he knows*,' ejaculated Simon, as he went,) and carefully unlocking it, delivered from its dark womb, a block-tin box, which he placed on the table. 'Now, young sir,' said he, resting his hand upon the lid, 'you shall see how idle are your conjectures, and how equally idle your threats.' He then raised the lid, removed a wire screen which served as an additional protection, and took out a bundle of papers, which he arranged in 'mystic order' upon the table. 'Here,' he added, as he laid them down one by one, 'here is an account of mine against your late father—here is a promise of payment—here is the deed appointing me your guardian; and here is the will!'

'Read it,' exclaimed Thorner.

Mainchance gave another grin, but of a more sardonic nature than the first, and re-seating himself, he placed the outside of his left foot upon his right knee, so as to form a sort of desk whereon to unfold the important document; ten tedious minutes were next wasted in wiping his spectacles, fixing them on aright, and a thousand etceteras, until the ensign's patience was nearly exhausted. At length all was adjusted, and in a prosing tone, Mainchance perused the testament from the first word to the last; the sum of which was, that on account of the debts due from the testator unto Jedekiah Mainchance, he the said testator left unto him the whole of his property, with the exception of a certain sum therein named for the board, education, and purchasing of a commission for Alfred Thorner, the said testator's only son, &c. &c. This sum, Mainchance added, when he had concluded, was insufficient for the purpose intended, and therefore he had, as before mentioned, made it up from his own hoards.

'Mark, now, how a plain tale shall put thee down,' said Alfred, rising with indignation, as Mainchance re-folded the parchment.

'Tell it quickly, then, and be accurate in your manœuvres—that is—tell no lies,' said Barnaby.

Without noticing this interruption, Thorner thus continued:—'Whilst fighting in America, I saw a veteran of the opposite party struck down by an English soldier, who, notwithstanding the cry of quarter, was about to dispatch his prostrate enemy, when I, unwilling that our cause should be tarnished by needless acts of cruelty, stepped forward and prevented him. The battle over, I was wandering amid the heaps of slain, when an old man addressed me, in whom I recognized the person whose life I had saved. We fell into conversation, and he being wounded, I led him to my tent, where, during our discourse, we touched upon the passing events, and our own connexion with them, by which he gained from me some circumstances of my life, together with my name. In a short time a proposal was sent from the American camp for an exchange of prisoners, which was acceded to, and my new acquaintance departed; but as he shook my hand on leaving, he placed in it a small packet, and instantly quitted me, without a word. Guess, Mr. Mainchance, my astonishment, when, on opening it, I discovered this document, by which I am left to the guardianship of another person besides yourself, and entitled to the whole of my father's fortune on becoming of age!'

'The devil!' said Barnaby, looking askance at his father.

'I didn't bargain for this. I smell a strong scent of forgery,' cried Mainchance, attempting to snatch the paper, which Thorner had unfolded, whilst he yet spoke. But the active young man sprung aside, and placing it in his bosom, said, 'Not so fast, sir. If you will give me your daughter's hand, together with half the sum I am entitled to, I will immediately commit this document to the flames—otherwise I will lay it before the lord chancellor, and demand the strictest investigation, with retribution on your head!'

'I defy you—I'll do no such thing—I'm secure in my own innocence!' shouted the lawyer, stamping with rage.

'Father,' said Barnaby, with a severe countenance, think again. "The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift." "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."'

Jedekiah Mainchance was, however, inexorable; and Thorner, finding him resolute in remaining so, departed in a terrible huff, vowing to make Europe ring with his wrongs. (*To be continued.*)

LONDON QUARTERLY AND MR. RUSH.

The reader may be curious to know how the great literary and political antagonist of the United States treats Mr. Rush's recent work; we therefore transfer to the Atlas the general introductory observations of the Reviewer's notice.

In these latter days, when every path of literature is so beaten, this work has at least one *prima facie* attraction—it is a novelty. We recollect no instance in modern times in which a minister accredited from one power to another has published a professed account even of his domestic and personal intercourse, much less of his political negociations; and even those of older date, Sully, Bassompierre,* &c., who have left memoirs of this kind, never dreamed of their being printed till, by the lapse of time, all personal feelings and interests should be extinguished. We thought the memoirs of that coxcomb who entitles himself Prince Puckler Muskau, were in exceeding bad taste, and violated that implied confidence under which social intercourse exists among gentlemen, and hospitality is extended to strangers; but we admit that persons who rashly admit individuals into their society, without a sufficient enquiry or due caution, have themselves chiefly to blame if their confidence be abused; and the silly vanity which is tickled by entertaining a *prince* must, when it has the ill luck to fall in with a Puckler Muskau, pay the forfeit of its folly. The case of a foreign minister is very different—his public character is a pledge for his private respectability—his credentials are not to the Court merely, but to society at large, and he becomes, without any other guarantee, an object of hospitality and confidence. But this, we apprehend, would cease to be the case if it were suspected that he would employ these opportunities in making books out of the dinners he had eaten, the manners he had seen, the conversations he had enjoyed, and the company into which he had been introduced.

Mr. Rush is not altogether unaware that this kind of objection may be raised; he says, in his Introduction—

'The contents of the chapters may startle at first; but I trust only at first. I am deeply sensible of the impropriety of making an *ill use* of the incidents of private life, as it is possible any one can be, and flatter myself that what I have said in this connexion (?) will be clear of all exception. I would otherwise burn the sheets. I would burn them, if I thought they contained a line or a word to create a moment's uneasiness in any one person whose name is mentioned.'

This sounds very plausible; yet we suspect it is founded on a fallacy. Mr. Rush is convinced of the 'impropriety of making an *ill use* of the incidents of private life.' It is clearly improper to make an 'ill use' of any thing; but we are inclined to contend that it is improper to make *any* use of those incidents of private life, of which you obtain the knowledge under the respect paid to your public station and the confidence reposed in your public character. Again; different persons may give a very different construction to the words *ill use*. For instance, Mr. Rush proceeds to say,—

'In giving an account of conversations other than official, I have drawn on my notes sparingly: not that I heard things improper, had all been told; but that a thousand things pass in conversation not adapted to print, any more than intended for it. Reports then, or narratives, given under restraints, from which I could never be free, may be found meagre; and, in such cases, I am the one to blame, desiring always to err on the side of abstinence, where indulgence would be 'criminal.'—p. vi.

Now some persons may suppose that it is an '*ill use*' to tell but half, or less than half the truth; which must, they may suppose, be the case if you *restrain* yourself to panegyric. If there be a right to praise what is good, it seems to be also a duty to censure what is wrong. Nay, Mr. Rush himself admits, that he has been obliged to practise 'abstinence;' and that it would have been 'criminal' to speak the whole truth: very likely—but this is no great compliment to the persons whose eulogy is the result of such avowed 'abstinence.' Mr. Rush is good-natured and discreet; but all diplomatists cannot be expected to be so: and he, by a publication, very innocent in itself, makes a precedent which might have very mischievous consequences; the amity of nations, would, we fear, become very precarious, if their diplomatic missionaries were to indulge themselves in a candid criticism and an unreserved exposition of the feelings and the manners of the people they may visit, and of the personal habits, conversations, and abilities of the sovereigns, ministers, and other persons, with whom they may have had political and social intercourse. Another consideration makes all our preceding objections more serious. We cared little for the calumnies of General Pillet, or the impertinencies of Prince Puckler; writers must have a good character of their own before their estimate of the characters of others can be of any consequence; and of the persons we have just alluded to, the best that can be said was, that they were obscure and unimportant individuals. It is quite another case with a foreign minister—his station invests him with a graver authority—a kind of public sanction—under the censure of which neither nations or individuals will be willing to lie without remonstrance or retort, or perhaps revenge.

But Mr. Rush not only gives details of private life, but about half the volume is occupied by the relation of his public negociations. This may at first sight appear to be a mere question of official propriety between him and his own government, but we think that, in truth, the interest of all nations, and the very character of diplomacy itself, are implicated in this precedent. Mr. Rush says—

'In publishing negociations which I conducted for my country, and other official communications, it is proper I should say that I violate no duty. It is known to be as well the practice as the principle of the government of the United States, to publish *such documents* for general information: and, in fact, I publish nothing that has not heretofore had publicity in this manner, though peace-meal, and at detached intervals. Even the European rule sanctions the publication of negociations when no longer pending, and this is the case with all I present. I have only given them in connecting links, and under forms somewhat different,'—pp. vii. viii.

Now here again we fear that Mr. Rush is in a double error—a mistake in fact, and a fallacy in principle. When negociations are over, governments are indeed at liberty to publish all the *documents*, and without any breach of faith; for the documents, as the word imports, are written and exchanged for that very purpose; but this rule has never, that we know of, been applied to mere conversations and interlocutory discussions, which prepare and facilitate more formal proceedings, but which no party could safely permit the other to report from his own, probably partial and certainly imperfect, recollections. To his own court, a minister very properly reports, as accurately as he can, such conversations—but they are not for the public. This is so well understood, that when any thing passes at interviews which it is thought important to record, it is always reduced to writing, that each party may at least be the expositor of his own meaning, and not dependent on the memory of his antagonist. Now Mr Rush does not restrict himself to giving '*such documents*.' Indeed, he gives hardly one—but he gives us the private or extra-official conversations and discussions, the result of which was the *documents* which Mr. Rush confounds with these verbal explanations. Mr. Rush is therefore wrong, both when he calls conversations 'documents,' and when, because *documents* may be published, he persuades himself that *conversations* are in the same

* Mr. Rush, having occasion to mention the embassies of Sully and Bassompierre in England, seems to have fallen into an error, which can hardly be one of the press, and which is a strange one—if he had ever read the works he quotes. 'Sully,' he says, 'brought to England a retinue of two hundred gentlemen. Bassompierre, *still earlier*, speaks of an equipage of four hundred persons returning with him to France.'—p. 66. Sully's embassy to England was in 1603, and Bassompierre's in 1624; and Bassompierre may be said to have flourished in the generation *after* Sully; so that Mr. Rush's expression, '*still earlier*,' involves an historical anachronism. Nor does it appear that the four hundred persons mentioned by Bassompierre were all of his own retinue; on the contrary, seventy at least were priests whom the government had ordered out of England; and it seems that many other French catholics took the opportunity of accompanying the ambassador, the relations between the two nations appearing somewhat hostile.

predicament. But Mr. Rush is in a still graver error as to the general principle. He seems to think that if such documents may be published, *he* has a right to publish them. No such thing! The *State* has such a right, but not the servant of the State, without the express permission of the head of the government. In all a minister's negociations, whether verbal or documentary, he can acquire no personal right—no right to publish or otherwise employ the papers he may have collected, or the information he may have obtained, for any purpose of his own; the whole belongs to the State and he has no more right to make *any* use of them than a lawyer would have to turn something which he has found among his client's title deeds to his own private advantage.

We have thought it necessary to make these general observations, because we see in this publication the precedent of a departure from international forms and established principles, which might lead to great inconvenience; and as we have observed that American statesmen of the new school have too frequently shown a disposition to relieve themselves from what Mr. Rush would call "European rules," we feel it necessary to protest against the deviation; and we do so as much in the interest of the diplomacy of the United States as our own; for we are satisfied that all nations will be, in the long run, equally benefitted by an adherence to the *jus et consuetudines gentium* which a long and general experience has consecrated for mutual respectability and advantage.

But having thus registered our dissent from the *principle* of Mr. Rush's publication, both as regards private and public interests, we hasten to state that we have little or no complaint to make as to his *details*. Those that relate to private life are, he admits, '*meagre*,' and those of a public nature somewhat obsolete. He appears to be a good natured and kind hearted man; and we have no doubt was a faithful public servant; but his book is, as he himself seems to have suspected, rather trivial. It certainly does not strike us as the production of a superior intellect—his views do not seem to be very wide, nor his observations very deep; —he appears to be somewhat credulous—and rather too easily amused with objects because they were new. But great allowances are to be made for an American who visits for the first time—not merely Europe—but that celebrated and once glorious country whose language he speaks—whose blood he shares—whose spirit he inherits—whose long line of triumphs in arms and arts, previous to the so recent separation, he considers, and justly, as *his own*—and which, however their peculiar interests may differ, he can never regard but as the elder branch of the noble family to which he is proud to belong. And it certainly is not for *us* to complain of those parts of his work which may perhaps be most open to criticism. We may smile at some of the things which excite his admiration, and at some of the terms in which he expresses it, but on the whole the spirit with which he visits the land of his fathers is so good—so *fraternal*, that we should little deserve the favourable opinion which he is willing to entertain and to extend of us, if we did not make light of trivial errors, inevitable by a stranger, and acknowledge with frankness and cordiality our substantial obligations to him for some entertainment and a good deal of kindness.

Yet it is not easy to make satisfactory extracts from this work. His style is not piquant—nor does he deal in anecdotes: to go in special search of errors or ridicules—which, after all, are not many—would be ungrateful and unfair; and his description of English manners and society would, when most correct, be least amusing to an English reader. We confess that our chief entertainment in the book was, that it gives some insight into *American* manners. When something which appears to *us* a very ordinary matter excites the notice of Mr Rush, we immediately conclude that it is something which either does not exist in America, or is contrary to American usages. We therefore cannot help considering that his portrait of ourselves affords, by reflection as it were, some sketches of America by the same hand;—and as no one can doubt that the gentleman selected to be envoy to England was in the highest '*grade*,' both of manners and talents, we shall have in his observations a kind of standard of comparison between his country and ours. Nor will it be useless to our readers to see how some things, which we take with little notice, may strike an intelligent and an impartial stranger.

Stoves.—The warmth of the season has made it rather undesirable to think much of heating apparatus; and I to this, perhaps, we may attribute our oversight in so long deferring a notice of the tribute to American ingenuity and liberality which is afforded in the erection of one of Dr Nott's anthracite stoves at the Hospital of St. Bernard, on the summit of a pass of the Alps. In this region of storms and snows, fuel, it may be well supposed, is the first of necessaries, not only to the Monks who receive the traveller, but to the guest himself; and yet, hitherto this has only been procured by bringing faggots on the backs of mules a distance of twenty-five miles from a valley below. Obtained with such difficulty and at such expense, the inmates have been forced to spend a great part of their time in the endurance of great discomfort for want of means to better themselves. An American traveller and a fellow-citizen, (Prof. McVickar) has been instrumental in remedying this sad state of things.

During a visit to the Hospice in 1830, he had the good fortune to discover among the mineral products of the neighbourhood, Anthracite coal, but of a kind particularly hard to kindle. A grate was erected to burn it, but with little success. On his return to this country, in connexion with some other gentlemen, he forwarded, as a present, one of Dr. Nott's stoves; and letters received from the monastery within a short time, announce its arrival, and that the residents and their guests are rejoicing in the benefits its produces.

Public Lands in Maine.—At a late sale of lands belonging to the state of Massachusetts, in Maine, a very large quantity—the whole offered, we believe, was bid off by one individual—who it is since alleged was a man of straw, and the opportunity of sale was lost and all the other persons present intending to purchase, as well the seller—defrauded. The affair has made much stir, and according to the Boston Centinel, George W. Coffin, Esq. the Land Agent of the state, has been arrested in Bangor, Me., and held to bail in the sum of $5,000, at the suit of Benjamin Wigging, the individual charged with being engaged in the conspiracy to defraud in the sale of lands in last June.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 23d, Mr. Hugh Smith, to Miss Jane Ann Post.

On the 23d, Mr. Charles Genet, jr., of Richmond, to Miss Elizabeth E., daughter of the late Mr. Abraham J. Adriance.

At Bushwick, L.I., on the 21st, Mr. Henry T. Wheeler, of this city, to Miss Jane A. Griffin, of the former place.

At Jamaica, L.I., on the 22d, Mr. Henry Van Rensselaer, of Albany, to Miss Elizabeth Ray, daughter of John A. King, Esq.

At Delhi, on the 15th, Mr. Henry L., son of the Hon. Tracy Robinson, of Broome county, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Gen. Erastus Root.

DIED,

In this city, on the 22d, Mr. John Aikman, aged 75.

On the 23d, Mr. Andrew Hedges, aged 33.

On the 24th, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Samuel Higgins, aged 49.

On the 24th, Mrs. Mary, relict of Mr. Nehemiah Allen, aged 80.

On the 25th, Mrs. Eliza P., wife of Mr. Robert Thomas.

On the 25th, R. M. Archibald, Esq., late of the Island of Porto Rico.

On the 26th, Mr. Robert Irvin, aged 47.

At Cohasset, Mass., suddenly, on the 15th, Mrs. Mercy, wife of the late Col. S. Lincoln, receptly of this city and daughter of Capt. Aaron Pratt, of Cohasset.

At Staten Island, on the 24th, Daniel Crocheron, Esq.

At Nashville, on the 13th, William Gilles Hunt, Esq., (editor of the "Nashville Banner")—a native of Boston.

At New Orleans, on the 6th, Mr. Nathaniel J. Fisk, formerly of Northampton, Mass.

WANTED, *immediately*, a ROLLER-BOY.—Apply at the Office of THE ATLAS, 205 Broadway.—August 31.

HOUSE WANTED.—A small Genteel Family wish to *Rent a neat two-story Dwelling-House*, in one of the cross streets leading out of Broadway. A lease will be taken, if a desirable situation. Rent must be reasonable.

Address "H." box No. 559, Post-office.—Aug. 24.

SLATE ROOFS
AND
SMOKY CHIMNIES
WARRANTED TO BE MADE TO DRAW.
No Cure, no Pay.—Also, SLATE ROOFS Repaired and warranted Tight.—Orders will be promptly attended to on application to
c&i THOS. SHERIDAN, Slater, 206 William st.

DR. ROSSETER, *Dentist.*—The Subscriber having retired for the present from his profession as Dentist, his apartments, No. 69 Chambers-street, will be occupied by Mr. JOHN BURDELL, who will continue the practice of the profession.

From the reputation of Mr. Burdell, as a Dentist, and the satisfaction he has given to some of the most respectable families, as well as from my own knowledge of his professional abilities, I do not hesitate in confidently recommending him to my patrons and friends.

aug 15—tc 3w D. ROSSETER.

NEW MUSIC.

THE Orphan's Prayer, with beautiful vignette title page; Bonnesoa Lady, thou lowly bending, do do; She bloom'd in beauty's pride, from Massaniello; Can I again that look recall, from Fidelio Claudio; Fashion and Nature, the poetry by J.H. Bayly, Esq.; My Alpine Home, written by C. Jefferys, Esq.; Maid of Bodish Spa, a Ballad; My heart with love o'erflowing, air with variations; Our happy Home, a duet; Sleep gentle Lady, as sung at 'The Glee'; Tear Drop, an air by Beethoven; Grand Scena and Rondo, from Il Pirata; L'Allemande, a favorite Waltz; Surrender Waltz, as performed at the Park Theatre; La Romanesque, a waltz for the Piano Forte; Tu Vedrai La Sventurata, from Il Pirata, arranged for the Flute, with accompaniments for the Piano, just published, and for sale by
J. DISTURNELL, No. 155 Broadway,
mar 9 between Cortlandt and Liberty sts

FOR COLOURING AND PRESERVING THE HUMAN HAIR.—This invaluable compound is a recent discovery, and prepared from the fruit of an East India plant entirely from the vegetable kingdom, and perfectly harmless. By following the accompanying directions, the Hair or Whiskers that are gray, red, or grizzly, may be changed in the short space of six hours into a beautiful brown or black colour, of a durable and brilliant lustre. While it produces this indelible colour on the hair, it leaves the skin perfectly white and unspotted. Persons whose hair grows fast, will require the application of this Extract about four times a year.

Prepared by F. LeDue, and for sale at $2 per bottle, by the Proprietor's sole Agent,
Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
377 BROADWAY.
N.B.—Druggists, Hair-Dressers, Perfumers, &c. supplied on a liberal discount.

TWO LECTURERS & AMATEURS *in Chemistry.*—Potassium, Bromium, Sodium, Selenium, &c. &c. have just been imported, and are offered for sale cheaper than anywhere else, by
Dr. L. FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, *Albany, Aug. 10th, 1833.*

SIR,—I hereby give you notice, that at the next General Election in this State, to be held on the 4th, 5th, and 6th days of November next, a SENATOR is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in the place of Alsheus Sherman, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said Election, the following proposed Amendments to the Constitution of this State, will be submitted to the people—viz.:

1. For electing the Mayor of the City of New York, by the electors thereof.

2. For authorising the Legislature to reduce the duties on salt.

JOHN A. DIX, *Secretary of State.*

[*To the Sheriff of the City and County of N. York.*]

N.B.—The Inspectors of Elections in the several Wards in your County, will give notice of the Election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in County Offices which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State. J. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff of the City and County of N. York.
Sheriff's Office, Aug. 16th, 1833.

☞ All the Newspapers in the County will publish the above once a week until the election, and send their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office. A.22

HUDSON & NEW YORK
STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE.

THE Hudson Tow-Boat Co's Barge No. 1, (Capt. P. G. Coffin) and Barge No. 2, (Capt. J. T. Haviland) will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season on the following days:—

FROM HUDSON—Fridays, at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

FROM NEW YORK—Saturdays, at 5 P.M., from the foot of Liberty street, North River (between Cortlandt st. and Albany Basin.)

To be towed by the steamboat *Legislator*, Capt. J. B. Coffin—for Freight and Passengers.

The "Legislator" will make one trip in each week without her barge, for light Freight and Passengers—viz. from Hudson, Tuesdays, at 4 o'clock P.M.; and from New York, Wednesdays, at 5 P.M.

, Towing will be taken by the "Legislator," if required.

☞ The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of BOARDERS in New York, as heretofore.

April, 1833. JOHN POWER, Agent.

SYLVESTER'S Office, 130 Broadway.

BE IN TIME FOR THE MAMMOTH!!!

During the last two months, SYLVESTER'S wonderful luck has, if possible, been on the increase—as, during the time, he has sold and paid 1 Capital Prize of $30,000, 2 of 20,000, 2 of 10,000, 5 of 5,000, 2 of 2,000, and quite a host of 1000 and 500. He continues at 130 Broadway, where he deals out, with a liberal hand, most of the Capital Prizes—especially to his Country Patrons, who, of late, have been particularly fortunate.

All orders, by mail or otherwise, receive the same attention as if personally application, and are promptly replied to.

The REGISTER & COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR is given and sent *gratis* to all who deal with SYLVESTER.

Sylvester need merely remind his Friends and Patrons that a New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday throughout the present year, but will finally terminate on the 31st of December next. Other Lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre are drawing daily. Tickets in which can always be procured by applying to
S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

MR. BRYAN, *Surgeon Dentist*, No. 21 Warren st. (near Broadway) has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, in imitation of Human Teeth, of the changeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary Operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his *patent Perpendicular Tooth Extractor*, highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose Certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental Operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following:—Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr., M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D.—June 6. cibm

---

WM. W. POTTER'S *Vegetable Catholicon.*—The astonishing success of this Medicine, and its warm recommendation by physicians of the first eminence in the country, render any diffuse mode of its effects almost unnecessary. Upwards of two hundred letters from different quarters of the world have been received, stating wonderful cases of Cures in the worst and most terrible diseases to which humanity is subject.

The Catholicon has, in truth, eradicated in almost numberless cases, diseases which have resisted other remedies and the utmost efforts of medical skill and learning.

This Medicine is so entirely innocent, notwithstanding its great remedial qualities, that the tender infant, the delicate lady, and the man whose frame is diseased or weakened by dissipated habits, may take it, not only with safety, but with confidence of success. Its taste, unlike that of common medicines, is agreeable and pleasant; and, so far from its interfering with business, vigour is imparted to the whole system. There is no necessity for abstaining from solid food in the most inflammatory diseases; on the contrary, a generous diet and good living are recommended.

Besides many complaints not here enumerated, the Catholicon is a sovereign remedy, a specific CURE, in the following mentioned cases:—Diseases of the Liver; Ulcerated Sore Throat; Debility, resulting from dissipation or intemperance; Scrofula, or King's Evil; Pains in the Bones; Rheumatism; Dyspepsia, or Indigestion; Diseases of the Lungs; Syphilis, in all its stages; Blotches on the Face and Skin; White Swelling of the Joints; Tetter; Mercurial Diseases of every kind—&c.

☞ Particular Directions accompany each bottle.
WM. W. POTTER.

The above just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, by the Agents for New York,
L. S. COMSTOCK & Co., Druggists,
No. 20 Fulton st. (near Holt's Hotel) and corner of Division & Chrystie sts., N. York;
and 36 North Fifth st., Philad'a.

RANDOLL'S HOTEL,
636 *Broadway, (corner of Lischer st.) New York.*

DR. F. FRANCIS,
DENTIST,
95 *CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.*

NOTICE.

TWO discharge from Debt, pursuant to the Revised Statutes, part second, Chap. V. Title 1, Art. 3; relating to voluntary assignments, made pursuant to the application of an Insolvent and his Creditors.

James Hay, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstroem, and also as one of the late firm of Hay & Henderson, of the City of New York, notice first publish. 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, a. is office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Charles Loewenstroem, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstroem, of the City of New York, notice first published 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. [June 29 c10t

---

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND
DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,
WHO DESIRE A
NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,
IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND,* A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF
FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.
From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of
170 KINDS.
Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.
LOOK FOR
BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,
71 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

JUST PUBLISHED—*New York as it is, in 1833;* and Citizens' Advertising Directory,—containing a general description of the City and environs, list of officers, public institutions, and other useful information—for the convenience of Citizens as a book of reference, and a guide to Strangers; with a correct Map of the City. Price $1.00. For sale by all the principal Booksellers in the city, and by the publisher, J. DISTURNELL,
No. 155 Broadway.

(*Extract from the New York American.*)

"This is a capital little book—and the better for being little. It has a good map of the city, a copy of the amended charter, lists of all the institutions of education, commerce, charity, &c. It is what it purports to be, an epitome of the city as it now is."

(*Extract from the Commercial Advertiser.*)

"Every visitor from abroad, who wishes to become acquainted with the city, should possess himself of this work; it is useful to the citizen, and necessary for the stranger, to whom it affords a key to the city."

RED LINIMENT, superior to all other applications for Rheumatism, Chilblains, Sprains, Numbness of the Limbs, Weakness and Stiffness of the Joints, &c. Numerous Cures in all the above affections have come under the observation of the Proprietors but they have only room for one.

The following statement of a remarkable cure of the PARTIAL PALSY OF A LIMB, by the use of this Liniment, is from W. L. Norton, Esq., a well-known and most respectable Magistrate of Southwark, Phil'a.; and is another added to the many proofs already laid before the public, of the efficacy of this invaluable application. The communication of Mr. Norton is worthy of particular attention, on account of the source from which it comes, and the nature of the affection relieved:—

"MESSRS. VAUGHAN & PETERSON:

Gentlemen—During several weeks I suffered a partial paralysis of the right arm, and of the third and fourth fingers of the right hand, which sensibly affected the whole power of the latter. Writing became to me a difficult task, which I could not execute but with greatly diminished legibility. The use of half a bottle of your Red Liniment gave me entire relief, and I cheerfully bear this testimony to its efficacy. Should it be equally efficacious in removing the other complaints for which it is recommended as a remedy, it is invaluable.

Respectfully yours,
WM. L. NORTON, 272 South Front street."
Price 50 cents.

DR. WEAVER'S WORM TEA AND SALVE—Very superior to the Worm Teas in common use, which are directed to the sole object of Destroying the Worms, without removing the weak state of the digestive organs, on which their production mainly depends. This preparation not only destroys the disease, but removes the cause, by strengthening the system generally, and the stomach and intestines particularly. The Salve is a valuable addition to the efficacy of the Tea.

The aged lady who makes the following statement, has for a long time known Dr. Weaver's Worm Tea and Salve—has recommended it to numerous families—and has thus become extensively acquainted with its virtues:

"Mrs. Mary Logan, No. 71 Coates street, states, that she has been for a great many years acquainted with Dr. Weaver's Worm Tea and Salve, and believes it to be superior to all other medicines for Worms. It has cured a great many children within her knowledge."

Price 25 cents.

A large number of the most respectable certificates of wonderful Cures may be examined, and the persons called upon, by applying at 20 Fulton street, where they are sold wholesale; and at retail, at 56 Division street, by
S. J. COMSTOCK, Agents for N. York.

DR. LITTLE'S *Lotion.*—This Wash absolutely cures *Sore Eyes* more perfectly than any other Eye Water or Salve whatever; and at no stage is it in the least injurious to Inflamed Eyes. For fresh Wounds and all Sores, however obstinate, this Water is a sovereign remedy—healing them from the bottom in an almost incredible short time. The oldest and most inveterate Fever Sores are cured by it. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by
L. S. COMSTOCK & Co., Druggists,
20 Fulton, 56 Division, and cor. Mott & Spring sts., N.Y.
and 36 North Fifth street, Philad'a.